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CONFESSIONS

IN

Elysium,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF A

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER;

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN OF

C. M. WIELAND;

BY

JN BATTERSBY ELRINGTON, ESQ.

VOL. I.

Printed for J. BELL, No. 148, Oxford - Street;
By G. Sidney, Northumberland-Street, Strand.

1804.

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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK

OF GLOCESTER,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY's ARMIES,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

ALL I CAN ATTEMPT, IS A MOST RESPECTFUL INTREATY, THAT YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO RECEIVE MY HUMBLE EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

VIRTUES FILL A NOBLER PAGE.....THEY

ARE RECORDED IN THE HEARTS OF ALL

WHO HAVE THE HAPPINESS TO KNOW YOU.

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT,

OF PROFOUND ADMIRATION,

I HAVE THE HONOR TO REMAIN,

SIR,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST FAITHFUL, AND

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

I. B. ELRINGTON.

London, March 1st, 1804.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

I cannot permit my work to leave the Press, without offering this public testimony of Gratitude for the Patronage which ushers it into the world.

It is my pride to contemplate the distinguished names which ornament my Subscription List; and it will be, I trust, my future effort to prove deserving.

THE TRANSLATOR.

TO

THE WORLD.

BEHOLD a Novice!.....I have just ventured my foot on the first step of the arduous ladder leading to literary fame; and am already giddy with the temerity.

Oh, let me deprecate the severity of criticism,....and meet the cheering smiles of your indulgence!

It was my intention to have offered You a perfect translation of Wieland's Proteus;...but, on a revisal of the work,....I find it so involved in ab-

struse and learned disquisition, that I have altered my plan.

In so doing,.....I am aware I have robbed the genius of my author, and that he will not thank me for the theft....However, I wish these Volumes to prove a pastime....not a study.

I shall compare them to a foreign Olio....in the cookery of which...I have not exactly followed my exquisite German receipt....Still, I have preserved the sauce piquante, and endeavoured to suit it to the English palate.

No.....This is a vile simile.....Suffer me to attempt another.

Well, then?.....My original resemblance is a dressed Court Beauty, arrayed

in all the sterling magnificence of a Birth-day's splendor.

I select the individual Beauty, dismantled of her studied,....formal,..... elegancies.....and present her, habited in the gay,.....light,.....sylph-like..... drapery of modern fashion.....Every limb and feature expressing its own peculiar grace.....fascinating the eye.... and captivating the heart.....of each beholder.

In the portrait of my Hero,...are displayed the fatal consequences of following extremes.....He models his principles on reading;.....and, without the least knowledge of Men,.....or Manners,.....enthusiastically pursues

his own wild fancies.....defying custom ....prejudice,....even ridicule.....And, as these extraordinary flights produce extraordinary adventures.....I am not without a hope of entertaining my Readers with the eccentricities of this Fanatic.

I. B. E.

London, March 1st. 1804.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE, in a former Work, * announced to the World, a very peculiar talent I possess, and that no less in celebrity, than the secret of the renowned Seer Swedenberg†....It introduces my soul to the souls of the departed; where it has the faculty of witnessing all their actions.....visibly or invisibly.....as I will.

This rare talent produces me infinite amusement....and, as I have no wish to employ it otherwise than to promote the entertainment of my friends.....the innocency of my aim

* Traits of Literature, Vol. I. p. 63.

† The celebrated founder of a new sect of religion.

will.....I flatter myself.....protect me from the severity of animadversion, and shield me from the denomination of " A CONJUROR."...which,.... in the present day.....is no very dignified passport to a man's journey through life.

A short time since it was my good fortune to be present at the meeting of two very extraordinary spirits in Elysium...Their astonishment at seeing each other.....heightened by a recollection of their not having been very good friends in the other world.....led me to listen to their conversation.

With the writings of one of them I am intimately acquainted.....It was no other than honest Lucian, the dialogue maker...He who has often quaffed the merry bowl.....and passed the witty joke with laughter-loving Momus.....and than whom.....a better or more jovial soul ne'er broke bread.

The other is a personage of no common stamp.....While he lived, he was in all things the very reverse of my friend Lucian....and so ambiguous was the character he played on the Grand Theatre of human life, that, when he made his exit, he was idolized as a demigod by some.....while others were at a loss to decide whether the Fool.....the Profligate.....the Impostor.....or the Fanatic.....formed the prevailing feature in his character.

He was a compound of every thing extraordinary.....eccentric.....and enthusiastic.....But, wonderful as his career was through life, his death was still more remarkable...He died voluntarily.....He ascended a funeral pile prepared by his own order....He fired it with his own hand.....and thus..... solemnly and firmly.....took leave of millions of spectators who had assembled at Olympia.....from all parts

of the world.....to witness this awful ceremony.

Lucian was present,...thinking it his duty, as a determined enemy to every specious mummery,..whether Philosophical or Religious....to remove from the minds of wondering posterity any dangerous conclusions which Peregrine, surnamed Proteus, might have excited by his daring and heroic end.....and to satisfy his cotemporaries that no advantageous impression ought to exist in favor of a lunatic, who so impiously terminated his earthly career.

In a simple relation...partly founded on his own knowledge, and partly collected from the best authority..... he asserted that they venerated a madman as a model of philosophy and human perfection.....that their god was a mere sensualist.....perpetually involved in disastrous and degrading dilemmas;....and, that the

conclusion he chose was the most becoming *finale* to his disgraceful pranks.

I have every reason to believe, that Lucian had no intention to injure the poor fanatic,.....or impose on the world by the history he gave them..... However,.....as his information might have been incorrect, and as the world may suppose him a prejudiced writer... it was no small satisfaction to me, to stumble, by accident, on the only means to solve the problem, and do justice to all parties.

The meeting of these two adversaries in the world of spirits,.....each purified from resentment, and actuated by truth and candor....stamps my memoirs with unquestionable veracity.

Previous to my relating the life of Peregrine, I will give my readers a summary of the manner and ceremony of his death.

It was at the celebration of the 236th Olympiad, that the Cynic philosopher.....Peregrine Proteus.....publicly announced his intention of devoting himself to the flames.

Some days previous to the representation of this tragedy.....a brother Cynic mounted the rostrum, ranting with the most violent and romantic gesticulation to an immense crowd..... exalting the sanctity of Peregrine's past life.....and deifying him for his magnanimous resolution of burning to death.

This man....whose name was Theagenes.....roared in the popular declamatory manner of those Grecian Capuchins.....tore his hair.....beat his forehead.....and acted the most silly extravagancies.

"And yet," said he, "some have the "blasphemy to accuse this wonder-"ful man with vainglory. Oh, all

" ye mighty Gods of vast Olympus,...
" ye Gods of the sea.....and all ye
" river Gods!....Can it be possible?....
" What,.....Proteus,.....who suffered
" bondage in Syria!...Proteus....who,
" shaking off the personal conside-
" ration of slothful ease, presented the
" city which gave him birth, with
" five thousand talents!...Proteus.....
" whom the Romans expelled for his
" zeal!...Proteus....who, like the Sun,
" shines with his own superior lustre!
" Proteus, who might aspire to equa-
" lity with Jupiter.....Is he ac-
" cused of vanity?.....And why?....
" because he would still be more pure,
" by translating himself through fire,
" into a blessed eternity."

The Cynic was now become so hoarse with bawling, it was impossible for some time to understand a word he uttered;.....but all seemed to

be increased hyperbole, from the fury of his declamatory action.

.....At length, he was more intelligible, and concluded with abated vehemence....

" In short,.....the two wonders of " the creation are.....Jupiter Ammon, " and Peregrine Proteus.....The one " was formed by the hand of the " artist Phidias.....the other by the " superior hand of nature!.....And " now this resplendent Representative " of divinity ascends his fiery car.... " to seek repose in the kindred bosom " of the Gods."

A number of Cynics then approached the rostrum, and led their exhausted brother off.....It was time,.....for the perspiration rolled down his forehead .....his hair stood wildly in all directions;.....and he sighed.....sobbed,.... and shrieked with energy.

The self-devoted Peregrine dug his own grave.....assisted to pile the faggots....meaning,....by a display of so much composure and fortitude..... to prove himself above the common standard of humanity!

He now appeared on an eminence whence the public Crier awards the prizes and proclaims the terms of contest.....Here he gave an account of all he had suffered for the love of philophy.....detailing the various perils he had encountered and troubles he had undergone.

He spoke a long time;.....and so prodigious was the concourse of people, many lost their lives in pressing forwards to catch the last words of this great man!

He affected much indifference at death;.....and, raising his voice at the conclusion of his declamation....spoke thus.....

" I will place a golden crown
" upon my golden life.....The man
" who has lived like Hercules.....
" should die like Hercules!

" My good friends.....you will see
" how death ought to be despised.....
" I am the good Genius of mankind in
" teaching them this useful lesson;....
" and all good men will venerate
" my memory."

Upon this declaration, some burst into tears.....and sobbing....begged he would preserve himself.....Others,..... made of rougher materials,.....vociferated, " execute thy purpose!"

He was attended from the pulpit by an immense concourse of his partizans.....He smiled around.....and vanity appeared to have found its full indulgence.

Poor Ideot!.....He did not recollect that every man sentenced to the gallows is followed by as great a crowd!

Midnight was the hour chosen..... the pile was erected in a hollow, and was of considerable extent and height .....It was composed of pine.....fir.... and dry brush-wood.

At the rising of the moon.....Peregrine appeared in his usual costume, attended by the Principal of his order, and his dear Theagenes, bearing a lighted torch.....Proteus, also, held a torch.....They approached the pile at opposite sides.....and each applied his torch.

Proteus put off the paraphernalia of a Cynic.....He then took some frankincense from an attendant,.....threw it into the flames.....and exclaimed.....

" Oh, ye paternal and maternal " Spirits !.....propitiously receive a " votary to thy arms !"

He sprang into the flames, and was heard no more!

.....

I shall not fatigue my reader with the salutation of these personages at so unexpected a meeting.....or relate their prefatory discourse.....Proteus desired to rescue his fame.....and Lucian to be the convert to truth..... they therefore agreed to meet at a certain place, whither I attended them .....and the following is.....*The unimbellished Life of Peregrine Proteus, as related by himself to Lucian.*

PEREGRINE

Confessions in Elysium.

And now, my dear Lucian, that we have reached this grove of plantains, whose embowering shade partakes the beauty of that sequestered spot where Socrates reposed upon the banks of the Illyssus.....sit down....while I unfold the wonders of that life, You, as an historian, have so cruelly distorted; and though I entertain no enmity for the injuries you did my memory some centuries ago, yet must you feel, at my recital, the severity of this truth,.....that.....

The grand aim of every author is applause.....to obtain which, fiction embellishes reality, where interest is

originally wanting;....a falsehood..
an injustice.....which will successfi
introduce a witticism, or grace
period, is a mere trifle with th
conscientious gentlemen.....Th
whose ill fate it proves to be
object of a philippic, must endure
scourge of a witty writer; and fr
the same assumed prerogative,
panegyrist,.....with as little truth
bedaubs, with tenfold flattery,
portrait of his patron.

It is possible, with you, prejuc
might have had much ascendancy
our characters were opposite,
positive.....I was a warm enthusi
.....You, a cold disciple of the E
curean school.....Your principles mi
have filled you with scorn for w
you termed a fanatic.....you theref
felt no curiosity to approach
rostrum at Olympia, from which
delivered my dying words,.....exp

natory of the mysterious passages of my eventful life,.....although you came purposely to record my death, and most faithfully noted down all that a vile, anonymous declaimer, said to my disadvantage.

Listen!.....I shall relate to you,..... with all that sincerity which arises from the state we are now in,.....the adventures of my earliest youth,....my subsequent travels,....my gallantries....my association with the Christians,.....my joining the Cynics.....my abode, variously....at Alexandria,...at Rome,.... at Athens,.....my motives for closing the whole, by voluntarily perishing on the funereal pile;.....in fact, all that is worthy notice.

It is with mankind,.....as with plants.....every thing depends on the soil in which they spring, and the disposition of that guardian, who watches their growth,...prunes their exuberant

branches,....and models the stalk up his own fancy.

I was born at Parium,.....a Rom colony in the district of Mysia, s bordering on the coast of the Hell pont.....The industry of its inha tants, together with its peculia advantageous situation on a bay the Propontis, which afforded a s riding to their shipping, rendered at once an enviable and flourishi city.

My father traded as a mercha and his necessary pursuits calling h perpetually to different countries, had neither leisure or inclination superintend my education; he the fore.....on my quitting the gynæceu .....sent me to the care of my m ternal grandfather, who resided at short distance from the city, on estate to which he had retired.

My mother dying when I v

scarcely fourteen years of age, my grandfather.....with the consent of my father....adopted me; from which circumstance I assumed the sirname of Proteus.

Nature, very liberally, gave me an engaging exterior, with a heart full of susceptibility, and an imagination warm....romantic....and lively.

Thus endowed.....you will not wonder at the operation of Homer's works on my visionary mind. His rhapsodies were the first studies.....as was usual in those days....which my ideas encountered.....How inexpressibly delighted every faculty of my astonished soul became with his marvellous tales! I wandered through Olympus with increasing avidity..... devouring his scenic representations of the Gods on that vast theatre, amid all the enchanting coloring with which he decorates description.

My master was a pedagogue..... Wrapt in his own pedantic ideas.... he saw phrases and dialects,.....figures and tropes,.....allusions, rhetorical and grammatical.....but he saw nothing of their dangerous tendency on my unformed mind, while I was imbibing a destructive venom, which marked my character in future life, and poisoned all my growing prospects.

Instead of strengthening,.....or correcting,.....the impressions I received according to their tendency on my youthful fancy, he only admired the powers of my memory, and the docility with which I profited by his lectures.....I was all he wished me.... he became my panegyrist on every occasion.....was proud of his scholar .....and vaunted my abilities at declamation to the very skies.....I could repeat the longest passages from the divine bard,.....relate the exact list of

shipping.....name every Trojan who fell by the sword of Diomed or Achilles,.....and describe the wounds of each with as much accuracy and facility, as if I had been surgeon-general to the Grecian army.

My grandfather was one of those dull, insipid mortals, who seem formed for no end, but to supply a blank in the creation, and crawl about the surface of the globe without pursuit or motive.....Inoffensive, yet useless.... he cared little about the world, and having nothing to ask, contented himself by supinely sitting down, without an exertion to benefit mankind. His patrimony was not large,.....but it exceeded his expences,.....and in the course of eighty years which he vegetated on earth, he never made one effort to improve it.....Satisfied with his own, he never envied his neighbour's possessions,.....or by compa-

rison suffered himself to suppose another happier than he was....If he had a passion.....it was for pleasure.....but then his pleasures were not of a nature to disturb his habitual indolence..... Yet, as we must pursue some object beyond the mere indulgences of appetite and sloth,.....and, as we cannot for ever slumber on a couch,.....recline on the banks of a purling stream,..... admire the beauty of the passing clouds,....or contemplate the majestic grandeur of a setting sun.. .my grandfather most ingeniously contrived a pastime exactly suited to his love of ease, and which was to him, what mental recreation is to the rest of mankind.

Accident,.....which often determines our fate,....had introduced him, when very young, to the famous Appollonius of Tyana,....and the impressions made on his mind by this most

extraordinary man, remained with him, in full force, through life..... Indeed, I never saw him animated by any subject, excepting when he spoke of Appollonious.....His admiration then exceeded all bounds. Still, with this apparent strength of attachment to his principles, he never betrayed the least tendency to add to the seven disciples, who followed the footsteps of this supernatural genius; and almost deified him. Nor was he inspired by an inward call of the spirit, notwithstanding this new Pythagoras artfully endeavoured,.....by every specious stratagem,.....to overturn his faith.

My grandfather.....like other half-witted men....loved to be surprised.... he had an insatiable curiosity after the marvellous, and from thence, alone, his partiality arose.

To gratify this humor, his study

became the repository of theologic and astrological works;.....the inte pretation of dreams,.....the magic influence of signs;.....in one word,.. every thing that was enveloped i mystery. If written on an old sli of parchment.....in Egyptian hiero glyphics.....on palm leaves.....or th eastern bark.....he prized it beyon all treasure

These treated of deities and spiri ....apparitions and inspirations,....the origin,.....secret signatures,....talisma tic powers.....how to render the goo spirits propitious; and subdue th evil.....The art of making necroman tic rings,....the philosopher's stone,.. the language of birds;....in short, th whole farrago of deception which th pretended Chaldeans, and vagran priests of the temple of Isis, pub lished, to impose on the credulity o wealthy fools, and make them tribu tary.

The more enigmatical,.....extraordinary,.....or obscure these writings appeared, the greater their consequence. And when they, fortunately, assumed the mouldy appearance of antiquity, or had a grave-like smell, he considered an hundred drachmas well laid out in the purchase of a page.

But as the good Proteus could not pursue his inquiries into the mysteries of the occult sciences, without some fatigue, he had, for his lighter amusements, all sorts of miraculous tales..... legends of ghosts and hobgoblins..... enchanted knights,.....captive damsels.....

These were his recreations;.....and, happily for him,....so evaporating was the quality of his lukewarm soul, that the impression made on his mind, by this sort of reading, dissolved like æther.....so that, what would

have driven another man almost mad, afforded perpetual change.....variety.... and novelty to him. And thus, between dreaming and waking.....his hours passed away.

At once beguiling time, and indulging his fancy, my grandfather was little solicitous about company. As his taste was however notorious, scarce a day passed without visits from strangers, who came to admire ....applaud.....or gratify.....by some new trick,.....his excessive credulity. His table was usually filled by travelling magi.....Chaldeans.....or the disciples of Pythagoras; and their conversation afforded ample materials to swell whole volumes on the "Art of lying."

At length, he was prevailed upon, by the consummate address of a profest adept, to seek the philosopher's stone.....The natural weakness of his

mind was increased by age; and he privately built a laboratory at his house, where they were to pursue, incessantly, this great work.....Luckily, death defeated this scheme, or I should probably have been saved the trouble of counting the old man's money at his decease.

Judge what must be the consequence of such an education, on an imagination like mine!

I was the darling of my grandfather, who took infinite pains to initiate me into the secrets of philosophy.....I had free access to his museum;.....indeed, he frequently employed me, as he lay upon his sopha, in reading to him....At these times, he would endeavour to expound the intricacies of his favorite study, and delight in the docility of my genius, from which he augured, that I should one day, be a great man.

There was a difference, however, and that tolerably extensive....between my grandfather's way of thinking and mine.....He amused himself with all the wonders described by these dangerous writers, with as little depth of thought, as an infant plays with a toy, which, having pleased him for a moment, he dismisses and forgets..... while I, with my whole soul, dwelt upon the subject.....My fancy fired..... tumultuous impatience swelled my bosom ;.....and, with enthusiasm, I pursued the subject in my thoughts by day and by night.

He pleased himself with enigmas.... hieroglyphics, and philosophical imagery, in the way a child is amused with the gay colors of a butterfly; or fascinated by the glaring beauty of the gaudy tulip.....I sought to explore their hidden sense, with every energy I possessed;....he asked trifles to dissi-

pate the eternal sameness of his natural disposition; and, while the airy, unsubstantial dream contented him, I,.....though still a boy....burnt with anxiety to dive headlong into the mysterious abyss.

In one corner of my grandfather's library, a small heap of books lay covered with dust and cobwebs; which appeared to me.....either not to have been used.....or thrown aside from their want of merit.....For my own part, I should never have disturbed the spiders, who seemed to have formed a colony in their neighbourhood, if accident had not disclosed to me the treasure they contained.

One evening, the old gentleman,.... half asleep on his couch, after eating a very hearty dinner,....and yawning, for want of better employment.....suddenly recollected Plato's Festival,

which formed one of this neglected group.....At his desire, I handed it down, and began to read to him the opinions of great writers on the primitive nature of man; and the absolute cause why the degrees of love are so various and complex.

I repeated the elegant sonnet which the captivating Agatha sings to Cupid; and was infinitely surprised at the interest I felt in the new subject..... My grandfather insensibly fell into a dose.....I was left to an uninterrupted meditation on the powers of love; and the art of loving, as revealed to Socrates by the prophetess Diotima.....I was sensibly affected at the strange impression made on my soul by this singular discovery.....Once aware of its importance, I took the whole of the volumes away, which I concealed; and resorted to them every moment I could command, to feast

my senses on the delicious banquet..... I considered my past life a blank..... Methought, I resembled a benighted traveller, groping his way over a wild, pathless, forest, without a ray of light to enliven the surrounding gloom;.....and these new ideas flushed on my mind with the same inspiring kind of joy, that he would hail the first approach of dawn, to cheer him onward.

Now,.....all was radiant day and heavenly sunshine in my delighted soul.....The glare at first was dazzling .....I shrank from its brilliant rays;.... but I became gradually accustomed to the charm which beamed on my awakened faculties.

In the midst of this rapturous employment, I attained my eighteenth year.....My grandfather died;..... leaving me sole heir to all his fortunes. ....I now found myself rich, beyond

expectation....and, as I could do n
than live independently, the first v
I formed was that of travelling
Not so much indeed to see the wo
as to search for some fair enchantr
whose heart glowed with all the div
enthusiam of mine....One,....to wh
I could communicate the blissful s
sations of *my* soul; and steal sym
thetic joys from *hers*....With wh
I could live in the soft union of
spirit, and enjoy all the sublime p
fection of platonic love.

My affairs however requiring
personal attendance,.....my fatl
under whose guardianship I was l
being from Parium.....I defer
my intended project;.....
while I was awaiting the tedi
forms of law, fate involved me ir
adventure,.....so different from
representations made of it in
world.....that you will scarcely kn

me for the unhappy hero of the tale. ....In the younger part of my life, passed with my mother, I had a cousin,.....a charming little girl, one year older than myself,.....for a play-fellow; who, being the only child of my father's sister, and left an orphan in her infancy, became my mother's *protegee*; and supplied the want of a daughter to our family.

The childish love which grew up with us, for each other, was such as a brother and a sister ought to feel..... Our attachment was mutual;.....and I can remember how heartily we both cried, when,....at seven years of age,... I left home to reside with my grandfather.

As I rarely came to town, Calippe, ...such was my cousin's name,....and myself, seldom saw each other. The last time we met, was just before my mother's death; and I then found the

pretty little girl I so dearly loved, blooming into excessive loveliness..... She was then fifteen,.....and treated me as a boy on whom she might unreservedly bestow all the tenderness of her disposition, nursed by the remembrance of our infantine attachment.

It is true,....I thought, then, I felt something differing from my former regards.....It was certainly the seed of a future passion; which I found troublesome, as they began to take root in my bosom.....I was, however, too inexperienced to know what it meant; and I received her fond caresses with undissembled joy.

At the age of eighteen, Calippe was celebrated as the greatest beauty of Parium.....My father,.....who knew more of Tare and Tret, than of the sensibilities of the heart,.....congratulated himself in having honorably

done his duty towards her, by uniting her to a man of considerable wealth and power,....far advanced in life.....and of a most depraved, licentious character.

From this period, I heard nothing of my cousin;....and, supposing her comfortably situated, or contented with her lot,....I made no enquiries, till my grandfather's death obliged me to remain in town for the arrangement of my affairs.

I now,.....too soon,.....learnt her wretched fate!.....and sympathy inspiring me with a wish to see and comfort her, I eagerly set about adopting means to accomplish an interview;.....for, notwithstanding our consanguity, this was only to be effected by stratagem.

All the world spoke of my unhappy cousin, as a beautiful young creature condemned to the solitary tor-

ture of pining away the most tempting youth, under the galling yoke of an impotent,.....penurious,.....jealous, tyrant.....

Every heart at Parium pitied *her*.... every tongue reviled *him*.

I heard all this; and without knowing why,....sighed....I was impatient to condole with Calippe; but too unskilled in gallantry to form a practicable plan....I resolved a thousand ways, and dismissed them all as improper or impossible;.....difficulty served only to increase my anxiety.....I determined to see my suffering cousin;..... Indeed, I felt it was a duty I owed her;....but the cold civility, and jealous circumspection of old Menecrates, baffled all my wishes.

At length, a young Grecian slave,... the confidante of her mistress,...found an opportunity to speak with me, and to inform me, how ardently my cousin

longed to see me, having matters of the utmost consequence to communicate to my private ear.

The genius of two women was now at work to assist my barren invention.....What will not.....what cannot.....a determined woman do! It was, however, necessary for the peace of all parties, that such precaution should be used as would elude the vigilance of her gaoler,....the prying curiosity of her neighbours,..... and save appearances with her own servants.

The more I strove to invent a plan, the less successful I found myself;..... and had not the ladies been bolder,..... and more ingenious,.....we had never met.....I therefore willingly submitted to female generalship;....and, after a variety of projects,.....which proved either too hazardous, or too tedious.....,it was finally determined

that I should be introduced to the garden,...by means of a rope ladder,... on the following night, when Menecrates would be detained from home, by a short journey, that was unavoidable ;....and that I should find Calippe in an alcove,....awaiting my visit,...with no other witness than the silence of the night.

In scaling the walls, I did not suffer any of those perturbations,....tremors,...or fearful doubts, which are the attendants on love expeditions..... No ! I felt as a man of honor, encountering difficulties and dangers, to relieve a fellow creature in distress..... It is possible, the world may not think the act compatible with the motive.....of that I was heedless....for a man cares little about public opinion, who appeals to the superior testimony of an approving conscience, when the necessity of an under

taking requires desperate measures..... Calippe received me with a pleasure, not altogether unmixed with reserve resulting from the singularity of our situation.....I certainly did not assist in her recovery from this embarrasment.....I was equally abashed;..... and surprize,....on both sides,.....increased by the change time had made in our persons.....I beheld the blooming girl I had left at fifteen years of age, matured with the most attractive graces, and bewitching beauty..... She,.....on the other hand,.....gazed with delight on her old playfellow, now moulded into a robust youth..... My limbs were finely formed, and the height and vigor of my person gave me the appearance of being more than eighteen. My countenance was open, ...expressive;.....and flushed with health,....animation,....and ingenuous cheerfulness. The cankerworm of

care had never preyed upon my cheek, and my spirits were the effect of ease, ...contentment,.....and hilarity.

The lamp.....which gave a gloomy light to the alcove,.....contributed to increase the mystery of our interview,.....while our feelings bespoke the agitation of an unexpected rencontre,...rather than the rapture of a concerted meeting.

As soon as the flurry of her spirits had a little subsided, my cousin excused herself to me, for the unprecedented steps her rigid and unnatural tyrant's conduct compelled her to adopt.....This led to the detail of her domestic miseries, which was rendered inexpressibly interesting by the soft and tender pathos with which the lovely mourner told her tale..... She neither spared tears,....nor metaphors,....to embellish her description, and excite my commiseration....

As a judge,.....I felt her sorrows entitled to redress.....As a man.....I panted to avenge her wrongs.

We insensibly forgot our situation; and our conversation became free and unrestrained....My fair cousin appeared to foresee all the variety of questions I had to ask, from the rapidity of her replies;.....and our meeting ended by her charging me with some family commissions, that opened the way to a second interview, which,.... begetting a third,.....it became, at length, absolutely necessary that we should see each other.

When I reflect on this scene, with all that knowledge of the world which thirty or forty years of subsequent experience taught me, I wonder at the tameness of my conduct.....I almost doubt my memory;....yet such was the strength of my platonic principles, at that time, that I fancied

every female,.....matron or virgin,..... a sacred deposit in the temple of nature, which mankind should venerate as superior beings.

With this disposition.....inexperience assisting.....the wife of Menecrates, by consanguinity.....by beauty .....by misfortune,....claimed my services.....my respect,....my reverence!

But had I been educated in the common track of observation.....had I yielded to the voice of nature, and been influenced by such sentiments as most youths of my age possessed..... I should have seen in the behaviour of my beautiful cousin, such temptation to sin, as would have been an insult to the whole sex to have avoided.

Calippe, however, was as safe with me, as if she had been my own sister; or a priestess of the chaste Diana..... My imagination was as pure as my senses.....I loved to contemplate

angelic beauty, which at that time was the soul of all my desires; and gave a tint.....so opposite in its effects to the coloring of mankind in general.... that the impressions made on my mind by beautiful objects, consequently differed.....At all events..... these are facts which I relate.....I do not affect to derive merit from my conduct.....I seek, simply, to describe it.

It is true.....after I had parted from Calippe, I could not drive her image from my thoughts.....but then it was merely with the sort of anxiety, which arose from a desire to fulful every particle of her orders.

Each time I saw my cousin, she appeared more amiable,....more beautiful.....more attractive; but I entertained no apprehensions, either for her conduct or my own.....I had no distrust in my feelings.....con-

ceiving it the most natural thing possible, that my charming cousin should increase in my esteem, in proportion as her attractive accomplishments unfolded to my view; making her,... each day,...more amiable in my sight.

That Calippe grew warmer in her manner towards me,.....I could not fail to perceive,.....or, that she often had recourse to ingenuity, that she might invent new causes to make our meetings necessary.....Was I not her near relation?.....her only friend?.... Was she not,.....by the malice of her fate, shut out,.....not only from the joys.....but from the comforts.....of life? and could I dare deny her weeping loveliness the slight consolation she sought to dissipate a melancholy hour!

"Oh, my dear cousin!".....she once said, at parting,....." thy pre-" sence cheers my soul.....thy atten-

" tions soothe my woes.....thy parti-
" cipation claims my gratitude.....In
" these blessed moments of pure
" friendship, I forget my sorrows.....
" Canst thou.....then.....wish to rob
" me of this only charm to sweeten
" my existence?"

All this was spoken in a voice so sweetly plaintive.....and accompanied by gestures so irresistibly seducing..... that I felt unusual thrillings at my heart, and my whole frame underwent a pleasing agony.....I staggered, as I took my leave.....I thought my head went round.

These symptoms were, however, momentary;.....I expected the next assignation without impatience, though I obeyed it with pleasure:.....But now a new difficulty presented itself.

Menecrates confined himself so closely at home, that the arbour became too dangerous a retreat for our

future meetings.....Yet meet we must .....What was to be done?

" Dear mistress!" said the young Greek,.....as if suddenly recollecting herself,..." there can be no situation " so perfectly free from surprise as " your own bed-chamber.....There " you may see each other secure from " all apprehension."

" Thou art certainly inspired;" replied Calippe.....smiling...." nothing " can be better devised.....I know " not by what cruel accident it could " have escaped my recollection..... " Thither.....my sweet coz.....thou " shalt repair to-night, and".....laying her hand upon my shoulder, she darted a look.....which, spite of all my cold philosophy found its passage to my inmost soul;....." and then.... " we shall once more be happy."

I blushed;....and such was my confusion, I could scarcely utter.....

"But,.....Menecrates!" "Be at "ease;" replied the lively little Greek. "He has not crossed that "threshold for this twelve-month "past;.....and there is a reason..... "My mistress could not think him "ornamental.....

"It is certain," she added, with a roguish leer,....." a lady would not "find him useful."

The chamber, therefore, was the appointed spot.....And *now*,.....you will readily suppose, my platonic system was in danger.....Still, I most solemnly assure you,.....such was my *naivete*,.....or stupidity,....if you like the word better.....I saw nothing like art in the proposal.....Some doubts might probably have sprung up in my mind, had Calippe affected any reluctance to the proposal;.....or blushed.....as if with apprehension, On the contrary, she approved it so

naturally, that I met her wishes without the least suspicion.

So perfect, indeed, was my veneration for my unhappy cousin..... so pure my attachment.....that her bedchamber was no more to me, than any other place.....Nay! had she been kneeling at the sacred altar of Vesta,.....surrounded by the virgin choir.....she could not have been more free from the least design on my part.

This was.....notwithstanding..... one of Cupid's slippery tricks.

The urchin approaches with childish simplicity.....captivates by the apparent innocency of his mein..... You admit the playful wanton to your arms.....He sticks the barbed arrow in your heart;....and you perceive..... too late.....his mischievous intent.

In these visits, the little slave always made one of the party.....At

first, she remained with us all the time I staid.....She afterwards occasionally left us....I did not, then, perceive it at all extraordinary....She seemed always to have a motive for so doing;...till, at length,...she would absent herself for half an hour,..... sometimes more.....I did not exactly feel so composed as usual;.....but I was led on by fate, and blindly followed.

Some days had now elapsed;..... and no signal.....I became anxious, and fancied time dragged on heavily.... At length, I was seriously alarmed about Calippe; when the appearance of her confidante relieved my fears.

The night was very dark,.....the whole creation wrapped in a profound sleep.....We approached a low window in the garden, left purposely open, and entered the house.

I do not know how it happened.....

but I hesitated; and.....for the first time.....began to think I had no business there at such an hour.....Still I shook off the intruding monitor; and approached the sanctuary of the divine Calippe with eyes speaking gratitude; and....I believe.....beaming love.....This I know,.....I was uncommonly agitated;.....I felt unusual throbbings at my heart, which I, in vain, strove to conceal.

Calippe perceived my emotion, and tenderly enquired the cause.....I confessed that I could no longer think either of us safe.

"Our hearts,".....she replied, "are "perfectly in unison;.....I have my "sad foreboding apprehensions..... "I fear we have met for the last "time."

She cast her mild blue eyes downwards on the carpet;....and sighed..... Oh!...it was a sigh that seized upon my senses,.....my responsive heart beat

quick, and echoed to her plaintive grief.

For a few moments, we continued silent....." Proteus," she said ;....and took my trembling hand,....." dearest " Proteus! we must part.....I dare " no longer see you.....Take this " farewel from your unhappy cou- " sin."

She kissed my hand ;...and there was a warmth stole from her glowing lips which fired my whole soul.

Then, in accents modulated by all the winning graces, she added....." Ask " me not the cause.....*You*.....of " all human beings, ought never to " know it."

This language.....so new to me..... produced the most alarming effects..... To listen to the tenderest expressions which a sentimental heart could breathe.....softened by the fading languor which overspread the cheek

of weeping beauty, and not to be moved.....required philosophy indeed!

Farewel,.....my good Pythagoras! enjoy the contemplation of thy studied .....clay-cold.....rules.....Nature calls aloud.....Its voice is harmony to my feelings.....Proteus obeys!

At our former interviews I had little noticed Calippe's dress.....It was always modest and becoming.....corresponding with the delicacy of her conduct.....It was so now.....but it proved too airy for the tender struggles of a parting scene.

It was.....it is true.....a sultry summer's night, and a robe.....spun as it were by a single silk-worm.....was the transparent covering of my beauteous cousin, through which, the eloquent blood pleaded for her tender wishes.

Fancy to yourself.....a lovely female, blooming in all the pride of

ripened beauty!.....her height approaching something beyond the middle stature.....her form exquisitely proportioned.....her limbs turned by the hand of the Graces.....and polished by Divinity.....the contour of her face.....Grecian.....her eyes blue,.....her hair flaxen.....and her teeth resembling a double string of oriental pearls..... modestly receding.....between two rows of glowing rubies.

Such was Calippe!

"We must part," said she..... "Virtue will have it so.....Farewel, "my Proteus!.....Remember this last "embrace.....

As she spoke, she threw her fine white arms about my neck, and sobbing.....added....." It is a poor token "from an unhappy creature, who "sacrifices to thee,.....her duty and "thy own."

I should have told you, that a girdle circled her tunic, and confined her

short waist with a brilliant clasp..... This,.....as my disconsolate cousin pressed me to her vehement embrace .....lost its hold.....

I felt her firm.....elastic.....bosom press against mine, communicating the most blissful impatience to my panting heart.....My feelings almost suffocated me, and I instinctively raised my arm to repel the dissolving rapture of her grasp.....I found the accident of the clasp had unveiled her left breast,.....my unconscious hand riveted on its suing beauties,....I could not quit the fond encounter.....an universal tremor shook my whole frame .....my eyes grew dim,.....I scarce breathed,.....my limbs yielded,....and I must have fallen to the ground, had not Calippe supported me.....She helped me to a couch....placed herself at my side.....her right arm still enfolding me.

As I opened my eyes, they met

her's.....and the electric fire of their glance set all my burning senses in a flame.

The Greek slave, of course, was absent; and although Calippe was alarmed, she did not call her to my assistance.

When I began to recover sight, I perceived my dear cousin had been so interested about me, that she forgot the voluptuous disorder of her dress.

I had now but one wish..... when a terrible alarm throughout the house roused us from our trance, and called our attention to the noise below.

"Betrayed!".....exclaimed the terrified Calippe.....The tumult drew nearer; and we distinctly heard the voice of her raving husband....I sprang up.....Not a moment was left for deliberation.....nothing but an instantaneous escape could save the lady or myself.

I ran to the window which faced the garden.....It was a fearful height .....but I was about to take the desperate leap, when I observed underneath me a vast number of slaves armed with clubs, pikes, and various weapons for my immediate destruction.

Here was a situation for a philosopher!

At this instant the friendly Greek pulled me by the skirt....putting her fore-finger upon her lips.....and led me to a small casement in the corner of the room.....then saying, in a low voice....." Now!".....left me.

This window looked into a little wood-yard.....There was a shingled pent-house built against the wall below.....I made a spring.....was fortunate in alighting safe on my legs..... and thus found myself nearly half-way to the ground.

All this time Menecrates was voci-

ferating vengeance at his wife's door, and swearing if it was not opened, it should be forced.....I heard a violent struggle, as if the party were rushing into Calippe's apartment, and.....by a second spring.....came down upon the roof of a summer-house.....in the neighbouring garden.....and thence reached terra firma.

The moment I felt myself safe, the recollection of the danger I had escaped, threw me in a perfect agony .....the perspiration rolled, in large drops, from my forehead,....while my hair almost stood on end.

Calippe opened the door as soon as she found me safe, and.....with the air of indignant virtue.....demanded of Menecrates why her privacy was thus boisterously invaded? and commanded that his followers should retire.

At this *famous* speech the rage of

Menecrates increased.....He ordered every hole and corner to be searched, ...and seemed astonished at not finding any one.

A freeman .....his confidant, and possessing great ascendancy over him .....fortunately was the lover of the little Greek.....This was an opportunity to oblige his mistress he could not fail to embrace; and he painted Calippe's innocence in such plausible colors.....ascribing all to the jealousy of his master,....that my poor cousin escaped the rack with which he had vowed to wring confession from her.

Calippe, who.....probably.....was better prepared than I imagined for this scene.....took courage as she saw her husband relent.....played off all the airs of a novice.....claimed satisfaction for the affront offered to her honor.....and insisted he should ask her pardon.

When I reached home, very luckily my father had just arrived.....To him I disclosed the whole affair.....conjured him to go instantly to Menecrates, and espouse the cause of his unhappy niece, whom he had.....unwittingly..... sacrificed to unceasing wretchedness.

My father managed matters with the utmost dexterity....Menecrates was appeased,....and Calippe restored to all her honors.

Having accomplished so pleasing a denouement to an event which had so tragical an appearance.....I thought flight my safest plan, and accordingly set off for Athens the following day, without encountering that chastisement and disgrace which you, my good friend, inflicted so unmercifully on me in your *candid* representation of this anecdote.

I cannot describe to you my feelings on entering this once famous city

whose antiquity is coeval with the heathen mythology.....Every spot on which I trod, covering the ashes of some renowned hero.....or beatified sage.....The splendor by which it was *once* distinguished.....the dull stillness which *now* pervaded it.....all formed a melancholy group of imagery truly in unison with the gloomy cast of my own reflections.

I shunned all the inhabitants..... leaving them to their trifling pursuits, I frequented the most solitary walks.... and, when I visited the Ceramicus..... the Academy.....or the Lyceum..... I did it at such lonely hours,....I ran no risk of being interrupted in my contemplations; so that I....actually.... had the appearance of a wandering spirit haunting that sepulchre which contained the proud remains of the once celebrated Athens.

As the city.....though extensive.....

is not populous; the singularity of my life,....so little corresponding with my age and figure....became the subject of ridicule among the curious and the idle, while the witty wrote epigrams.....I took no notice of this raillery, but continued my recluse life.

The public schools had no philosopher.....at that time.....with genius or celebrity enough to raise himself above the common standard. Indeed some paraded in the garb of Platonists .....and Pythagoreans....but I saw none with abilities sufficient to attract me.

After some time I took a small box in the country.....Then there was an end to the novelty.....No one cared about me.....I might have remained in that dormant state, if an unpleasant circumstance had not made me out of humor with myself, and withdrawn me from my asylum.

As I one day strolled through a

wood, bordering on Pentellicus, I met a young lad, about fourteen years of age;.....of singular beauty.....employed in tying up a bundle of faggots; At the noise of a passenger's foot, he turned round, and I felt more prepossessed with his countenance, than I had ever been in my life. We began to converse....I found his replies full of discernment, and seasoned with vivacity.....I suddenly recollected, how just such another youth struck the fancy of Socrates, as he passed a narrow lane in Athens; and who,.....under the tutelage of that great philosopher...became the learned Xenophon.

I determined to imitate Socrates; and adopt this promising rustic.

In following my own wild judgment, without once reflecting how far it might be consistent with that of others, I proposed to serve myself,

and benefit mankind, by cultivating this wild plant.....In my visionary imagination I already saw him a future Xenophon.....And it was my intention to initiate him, gradually, in the mysteries of magism.....the darling object of my wishes;.....to the attainment of which, I sedulously applied to the platonic, and pythagorean philosophy, as the grand preparative.

His name was Gabrius.....I considered his unbiassed mind a proper subject for my purpose.....The more it was free from artifical opinions, the more susceptible I should find it of those sublime ideas with which I meant to enrich it.

The apparent attachment of the young Gabrius flattered my prognostics, and his talents promised to reward my labors.....We were alone several weeks at my retired villa, where I began painfully, to appre-

hend my opinion of this youth had been too unguardedly formed..... There appeared a levity about him denoting vitiated principles.....This ill corresponded with that purity of soul necessary to perfect a philosopher. As I more carefully watched him, my fears increased, and I abandoned my plan.

He, however, continued with me; his natural wit and vivacity afforded me entertainment.....His genius abounded with humorous conceits..... a talent at mimickry;.....and a sovereign remedy against ennui.

Still I was compelled to dismiss him;.....and never, in the whole course of my life, was my self-love so painfully wounded, as by the misconception I had formed of this boy's character.....All those enthusiastic ideas I had indulged of his future preferment in the arduous paths of

fame.....all the gratification which would have flattered my own pride from being instrumental to the cultivation of his genius, vanished..... His profligacy was too deep-rooted;... and my benevolence thrown away upon a specious young villain.

Sore with disappointment, I immediately left Athens, and sailed for Smyrna;....and, as my adventure with Calippe had convinced me that my soul was not yet purified from those sensual habits which degrade mankind.....I determined to pursue my former ideas of spiritual bliss; and had only to chuse the best way of accomplishing my desires.

As it was the established opinion, that Pythagoras, among the ancients, and Appollonius, among the moderns, had attained nearer the sublime height of human perfection, than any of their competitors,.....I determined

by closely studying their precepts, to aim at glory.

For this reason, I adopted the sequestered habits I lived in at Athens; confining myself to such philosophical researches as were introductory to my grand aim.

To look down with pity on the grovelling world.....to view human beings the slaves of instinct.....acting as though they were devoid of reason and strangers to sentiment.....appeared to me so magnanimous....so dignified.....I panted to attain the exalted eminence.....to pasture on the ambrosia of the gods;....and leave mankind to their own gross aliment.

Are there not dreams which make us happier than reality?....And do we not.....when perfectly awake....regret the vision past;....dwell on the sweet impression with unfeigned delight, and wish to sleep again?

But I digress.....On my arrival at Smyrna, with fair winds, and pleasant weather,.....it was my good fortune to make acquaintance with a reverend sage named Menippus.....He was a man held in high estimation; and..... a still better recommendation to me,... had been, when young, in habits of intimacy with Appollonius.....Thus, destiny seemed anxious to assist my wishes.

I soon discovered this to be the same Menippus of whom Damis, in his "Travels of Appollonius," so sarcastically relates the anecdote of the Lamia*, who, to ensnare Menippus, assumed the form of a beautiful virgin .....erected a splendid palace;..... and otherwise disposed appearances to seduce his youth.....But, the wedding day being appointed,....in the

* A Sorceress.

midst of the nuptial pomp and ceremony.....Appollonius appeared!

At his entrance, all the regalia vanished.....and the bride.....divested of her mask.....became a hideous spectre, who, trembling before the divine Appollonius.....confessed,.....that her design on young Menippus was to fatten him to regale herself, and the impious propensities of her sister Lamias.

One day I smilingly asked him about this story, which malice had worked up into so ridiculous a fairy tale; and he related the following particulars, which I shall give you in his own words.

"When a very young man, I was "indulging in the gaieties and pas- "times of the famous city of Co- "rinth; and my rank and fortune "giving publicity to my character, I "was soon known to be a votary of "pleasure. In one of my public

" rambles, I chanced to see, and to
" admire a Phœnician lady, who,
" though past the bloom of youth,
" possessed very considerable attrac-
" tions. You will probably, by the
" sequel, conceive this meeting not
" to have been entirely the effect of
" accident. Be that as it may.....I
" was captivated,.....and enlisted in
" her train.

" Appollonius, with whom I was
" a favorite, observing in a short time,
" that my cheeks had lost their crim-
" son glow of health, and my eyes
" their lustre, began to question me
" on the subject.

" To resist his importunity was
" impossible. There was a majesty
" about this extraordinary Being,
" that filled every body with awe.
" He was beyond the usual height
" of man, with a figure so perfectly
" beautiful, that he appeared divine.

" To this attractive person, he added
" an eloquence whose persuasion was
" irresistible; and the tones of his
" voice were so flexible and so for-
" cibly impressive,.....they operated
" like a charm upon his hearers.

" To these almost supernatural
" endowments, are to be ascribed
" the miracles he has performed;
" and such were his fascinating pow-
" ers.....it is well known that the
" emperor Domitian.....and other
" crowned heads.....paid homage to
" the Demigod.

" With such a man, resistance
" was in vain,....I told him every
" thing.....Upon which he drew the
" following outlines of my bewitch-
" ing sorceress.

" That she had been extremely
" beautiful, and universally admired;
" that, having yielded to the impulse
" of her heart at seventeen, and
" forfeited her reputation in the

" world,...she, on the desertion of her
" lover, determined to make man-
" kind her prey; borrowing from art,
" as she increased in years, that cap-
" tivation which a life of debauchery
" had impaired.....That she had ac-
" quired immense riches; and still
" possesed the power.....with the in-
" clination.....to delude the unwary.

" I shuddered at this description....
" and willingly gave my promise to
" abandon the Syren.

" This, however, was not so easily
" done.....It was my ill fate so to have
" pleased this seducing wanton, that
" she spread her toils.....and so suc-
" cessfully.....I could not escape them
" .....She at length prevailed on me,
" in a moment of weakness, to marry
" her....The Phœnician.....wishing to
" inspire me with the value of the
" conquest....ordered the most sump-
" tuous preparations,.....and, to do

" honor to her nuptials....made a dis-
" play of her gold and silver goblets
" .....ewers.....and other massy uten-
" sils, glittering with diamonds and
" variegated precious stones.....and
" ornamented the banqueting-room
" with such splendid profusion, that
" all around me had the semblance of
" enchantment, and I congratulated
" myself on my good fortune.

" Every thing was succeeding to
" her wishes, when Appollonius.....
" apprized of the circumstance.....
" suddenly appeared, and put an end
" to the ceremony.

" It required neither a prophet.....
" nor a divinity.....to develope the
" artifices of this wicked woman.
" Her conscious guilt betrayed itself
" at the unexpected presence of this
" celebrated man, whose address awed
" her into profound obedience.

" The whole disappeared in a mo-
" ment....not by magic....but by order

" of their mistress, who fell at the feet
" of Appollonius, entreating mercy
" and forgiveness.

" He chose this moment to work
" upon her mind.....And that the les-
" son might be more energetic, he
" allegorically described her past life
" to resemble that of a fictitious Lamia,
" and drew the picture so feelingly,
" that the poor affrighted creature
" stared wildly around her, doubtful
" whether she was not really what
" he had painted her.

" Then grasping me by the arm,
" with an air of authority, led me
" from the hall; at the same time
" commanding the Phœnician imme-
" diately to vanish from the city, or
" to expect his vengeance.

" During this scene you will sup-
" pose I was not quite at my ease.....
" Indeed I was nearly as much terri-
" fied as my intended bride, and was

" glad.....when I reached the open
" air.....of an opportunity to breathe
" freely."

The sage told me many other stories which had contributed to establish the reputation of Appollonius in the world, and to deify him in the opinions of many, because his genius soared above the vulgar prejudices of mankind, and so exalted his character, that the crowd grew giddy in looking up at his virtues.

There is a report,.....continued Menippus.....that a female resides at Halicarnassus who performs miraculous cures.....tells of things past and to come.....and professes to hold converse with the gods.

The prophetess,.....who calls herself Theoclea,.....is assuredly a very mysterious personage.....There are many opinions as to her origin.....but that which is most generally received, con-

siders her to be the daughter of Apollonius.....She is said to be the exact image of that wonderful man, who, after his translation from this world, begat her,.....in the regions of the blessed,.....on some etherial nymph.

In short.....so incomprehensible are the tales of what she has done,....and what she can do,.....that nothing but my advanced age prevents my journey to Halicarnassus to see this remarkable character, and judge of her resemblance to Appollonius, whose features will remain engraven on my heart.

I asked him if he had no bust of his departed friend....He replied many .....and, taking me to his museum, shewed me several, which he assured me were strong likenesses.

I said nothing.....but treasured the outlines in my " mind's eye."...determined many days should not pass before I satified my curiosity on this head.

I travelled from Smyrna to Halicarnassus by land. The nearer I approached my journey's end, the more I heard the fame of Theoclea published. Many called her Appollonia,....and the marvellous stories in circulation about her oracles,....her recess in the grove sacred to Venus Urania,....her residence hewn out of a solid rock, which had never been defiled by the footsteps of a mortal.....the melancholy fate which befel some daring persons who rashly sought to penetrate her sanctuary, where her only attendants were invisible agents.

All these stories raised my desire to become known to Appollonia, and I resolved to employ every means to recommend myself to her notice.

There were many obstacles,....my sex,.....my youth,.....a stranger at Halicarnassus.....I was not however, to be intimidated by trifles, and determined on addressing my request to

her by letter, without, however, discovering my name.

In concise, but strong terms, I described my unbounded desire to be admitted to the sublime mysteries of magic.....that I had long been in a state of probation, and my vows solemnly offered up to the beatified Urania,.....that I would preserve my senses free from all inordinate desire.... keep my soul the repository of unsullied innocence;.....and my body free from sensual gratification.

I then added these queries.

Whether my request was acceptable to the goddess?.....If so,..... how I should proceed?

The recess where Theoclea dwelt, was surrounded;.....at a distance of fifty paces,.....by a wild luxuriant fence of aromatic plants....To this, there was but one entrance,...and that always closed.

A large Sphynx, curiously carved in unspotted marble, guarded the gate; and from her lips procceded the oracular decrees of the prophetess, touching such matters as she was interrogated upon; but as none dared to approach the moat which divided this recess from the forest, whose conscience was charged with any act of impiety, offensive to the goddess..... and, as the time of petitioning was limited to one hour in the day,.... it was usual to send a child of ten or twelve years old, to put a scroll into the mouth of the Sphynx.

I had, on my arrival, pitched my tent in the forest close by this moat; and an old confidential servant, who was the companion of my journey, brought me such necessaries as I wanted.

I devoted my whole day, after the delivery of my billet, to pensive con —

templation in the sacred grove..... How sublime the gloom !.....How awful the solemnity of silence!.....My mind was raised from all worldly considerations, and mingled with the divine purity of heavenly light.

Doves,.....whiter than descending snow,.....in every direction met my wandering eyes, sporting in antic innocence.....Their appearance the emblem of purity ;.....while the soft cooing of their gentle bosoms gave a sweetly melancholy effect to the surrounding scenery.

It was summer,.....and the serenity of the evening sky afforded beauties to the imagination no language can describe.....The heat of the day was tempered by gentle fannings from the light wings of playful zephyrs, breathing...as they passed,...a perfume of mingled odours on the enchanted senses.

My soul dissolved with ecstasy.....I was inspired with new ideas of celestial bliss.....I fell into that sort of musing trance, which carries the mind into a visionary world;.....the heated brain, charmed with ideal raptures, flutters about the magic regions of fancy, and partakes those heavenly sensations from each succeeding glance, which no Appelles could describe.....or favorite of the muses express.

Indulging thus the pleasures of illusion, I dreamed away the day,..... till overcome by a delicious languor resulting from my feelings, I fell asleep; and when I awoke in the morning, I found an answer from Theoclea lying on my breast.

It was thus inscribed....." To Perc- " grine Proteus, of Parium." Not having named myself in my letter,.... and being unknown at Halicarnassus.....I was excessively surprized at this instance of prescience,.....and,

opening it,.....my transport was unbounded at the contents.

" Your request is acceptable to the " Goddess.....At the first hour after " midnight....you will be admitted " within the gate leading to the secret " recess."

I cannot attempt to describe the sort of feelings with which I eagerly looked for the appointed hour.....I bathed thrice at a sacred fount issuing from the crystal bosom of the rock; and having habited myself in a new white robe,.....awaited.....with trembling anxiety,.....the opening of the gate.

At length I heard it turn upon the hinges.....I instantly passed.....and the same moment it invisibly closed again.....I was between two rows of fragrant myrtle....I pursued the walk, and, at the end of the avenue, found myself in a labyrinth of rose-trees....

the moon shone bright in the firmament, and reflected to my admiring view the most beautiful flowers in the world, winding, in fantastic forms, among the intervening shrubs.....disclosing an endless variety of blossomed sweets, blooming in this new Arcadia; .....and, as the silver rays of the resplendent orb shot through this fairy scene, the blended shades of brilliant light, and sombre shadow, formed a contrast of the most fascinating nature.....Methought I had flown up to the abode of a divinity.....the splendor of the surrounding scenery indicating her smiles ;.....and the odors I inhaled, her rosy breath.....I felt divested of my mortal garb, and trod in the pure æther of celestial Beings.... A blissful sentiment ran through my whole frame,...and thus pondering..... as I glided through this scene of enchantment and delight....I discovered

at a distance an approaching form, which,....as it drew near,.....bore an evident resemblance to the great Appollonius.

It was a female,..... .apparently between thirty and forty.....her person tall and exquisitely delicate.....her countenance noble.....and possessing just sufficient feminine beauty to correct her strong marked features....Her dress was a flowing robe of simple white, over an azure vest richly spangled, and confined beneath the bosom by a brilliant cestus;....her full sleeves corresponding with the robe... reached nearly to her wrist;.....her jetty hair.....wantoning in luxuriant ringlets down her shoulders,.....was bound over her forehead with a sacerdotal band.

I stood like a statue.....She approached with an air of superior dignity,....and stopping at a few paces

from me....gracefully made a pause... upon which I thus addressed her.

Mortal,.....or Goddess,...whichso'er thou art, deign to accept the reverential awe with which I bend before the daughter of the great Appollonius .....the inheritrix of her father's virtues .....the representative of his wisdom... It is needless to say aught of your humble votary, whom you knew.... unseen,.....though a stranger to your country, and your sacred person.

She graciously replied....." I am " acquainted with the first moment " of thy arrival.....the purport of thy " voyage to Halicarnassus.....and am " directed to assist thy views."

I was both charmed and flattered by this answer, which assured me of the stability of my darling pursuits, and filled me with the gratifying hope of realizing my lofty pretensions.

After this in[illegible], Diocles

led me to another walk, planted with orange-trees, and terminated by a rising hillock crowned with a marble temple.....She placed me by her side, on a seat in one of the colonnades; and.....though she said little.....had the address to extract from me the history of my life.

When I had ended.....she arose..... took me by the hand.....and conducted me down the side of the hill along a serpentine walk cut through the shrubbery.....She gently pressed my hand, with assurances, that I should soon see her again; and I found myself.... insensibly.....at the entrance of the grove.....An invisible hand opened the gate.....As I turned round to take leave,.....Theoclea vanished.....and the instant I crossed the barrier, it closed upon me.

I can describe my sensations in no better way, than by comparing myself

to a man just awakened from a pleasing dream, with all the recollections strongly impressed on his delighted mind.

At noon I made a slight repast, and afterwards.....lulled by the agreeable vision of the preceding night, which had given birth to confused notions and flighty expectations,.....I dropped into a gentle doze, which continued beyond sun-set.....When I awoke, I beheld a naked urchin of about nine years old, standing before me.....His beauty was more than human.....His brow decorated with a simple wreath of full-blown roses.....and.....like the Cupid of Anacreon.....he held a bunch of lilies in his right hand.....This little cherub.....with the smile of innocence dimpling on his ruddy cheeks,.....gave me a significant wink.....and I followed him.

We pursued a winding path of

considerable intricacy.....On either side were ranged a variety of curious exotics, such as I had never seen before.....On a sudden my guide turned into a narrow walk, by which we ascended to a grotto illumined by a single lamp.....At the entrance....the roof was high and vaulted.....But, as I followed through the caverns, it became gradually lower....and so narrow.....I, with difficulty, passed.....All at once a door flew open.....I found myself in an anti-room, ornamented with marble statues of surprising workmanship.....I had little leisure to praise the sculptor's chisel; for,..... like a flash of lightning.....a pair of folding-doors burst asunder, and discovered a magnificent saloon, illuminated with decorative splendor, in the centre of which stood a small covered table.

As soon as surprize permitted me,

I turned to my conductor,.....but h
had vanished.....Appollonia now ad
vanced from the saloon, and addres
ing me with the most engaging smil
.....and in a manner calculated to r
move the awe which her appearan
otherwise inspired, said,....." Proteu
" thou art welcome.....I shall alwa
" receive thee as a guest recommend
" to me by the great Appollonius."..
She then took my hand, and seated n
in a chair of burnished gold, placi
herself.....opposite.....at table.....
She still wore the bandeau of a prieste
round her forehead; and the simp
city of her dress, on this occasio
gave her the air of a vestal, clad in
domestic habit.

Our repast was exquisite, and la
out with infinite taste and elegance.
only one attendant waited.....a you
virgin,.....whose bashful charms r
sembled the opening rosebud,...blus

ing,.....as it unfolds its beauties to the glare of day.....I had eaten little for some days; and the delicacies before me, tempting my appetite, I did honor to the entertainment.....We chatted familiarly.....Theoclea inquiring the route I had taken to Halicarnassus..... about the antiquities at Smyrna..... Diana's temple at Ephesus.....,..and seemed much pleased to find an extreme eagerness to pursue my journey had left me no time to survey these curiosities.

The table removed.....Appollonia presented me a golden goblet, filled with wine, as a libation to the Goddess.....That ceremony performed..... the beauteous nymph replenished the cup, and we drank to each other in the usual mode of salutation.....The wine was like the nectar of the Gods, and the cup-bearer another blooming Hebe.....When we quitted table.....

water, for our hands, was served in a golden ewer, and the whole apparatus disappeared, without my being able to conceive by what means.....My astonishment on this, and other occasions, was not even noticed by Theoclea, who treated all the marvellous incidents which met my wondering eyes, as things of course, and habitual to her.

She now led me to a bow-window opening on a terrace, from whence the eye wandered over the wilderness. .....And through an aperture, which served as an avenue to the sea.....the sight lost itself in contemplating immeasurable space.....We seated ourselves on a sofa of turf, and the beautiful young nymph introduced a lute. .....Theoclea,.....having ran a tasteful symphony over the strings.....began a tender.....plaintive....air.....ravishing the senses with melody and expres-

sion.....Then,.....striking a full chord, she played the hymn sacred to Venus Urania.....The sublime harmony filled my soul with speechless transport..... The lofty strains of the daughter of Theano.....charming the enraptured Pythagoras to heavenly repose..... seemed now to be repeated.....It was a feast for the Gods.....Theoclea returned the lute, and conducted me to an apartment that was prepared for me.....The beams of the moon gave me all the light I had.....Then, wishing me a good night's rest.....with her former solemnity of manner, retired.

Extraordinary as this recital may appear, and moved as I could not fail to be at the scene of enchantment which surrounded me, still I did not regard it in the sort of way another person would have done. I considered Theoclea a superior Being;

and viewed all these circumstances as essential to support her dignity..... I felt certain I was protected by the real daughter of Appollonius.....the oracle of his wisdom.....and repository of his science.....Every thing I saw and heard confirmed the belief; till my faith became so strong, I should have looked with perfect composure on the operation of the most mysterious incantations. Indeed I had accustomed my mind,....with my grandfather.....so much to the marvellous.... that I fully expected to meet what is usually called wonderful, as the attributes of the exalted sphere in which Appollonia moved.

I resigned myself to my pillow with a heart full of complacency and joy.... I was supremely happy in the distinguished reception I met with; and hope fancifully played about my imagination, till I drew prospects of bliss,

exceeding all the most romantic views that even the visions of a night could pourtray.

I slept till day.....and the first object which met my opening eyes was a picture that occupied one side of the room. The frame was superbly carved and gilt;.....the subject represented Venus and Adonis. Venus.....appearing through a clear azure cloud,.....is just stepping from her car on Mount Ida....The film-like reins which guide her milk-white doves, are held by one of the Graces, while the other two..... on either side the Goddess,....assist her to alight.....forming a most interesting assemblage of loveliness.....Adonis is at her feet, looking up with eyes beaming mingled love and adoration .....his attitude betrays a wish to raise his extended arms towards her.....but he is awed by her divinity.

I felt myself depicted in the sweetly-

painful apprehensions of the enamoured youth.....I felt an uncommon sensation penetrate my very soul as I gazed at this unlooked-for scene.....I felt as if it presented itself before me as a token that I approached the pinnacle of my most ardent wishes.

I continued to contemplate the picture for many hours.....by degrees that reverence with which I at first pondered on the beauty of the goddess, diminished.....Her charms seemed to fade.....till at last I ceased to consider it, otherwise than as a fine painting in which the artist had imaged the most captivating forms....My soul sought... in vain.....that bright, distinguishing glory, which should enshrine her presence.....that heavenly radiance.....so infinitely beyond the power of art.... to express divinity,...and produce that effect upon the senses which I expected from the appearance of the goddess.

I turned from the painting with displeasure.....it had lost its attraction..... Still I now and then cast a look at it.....I reflected on the feelings of Adonis.....Oh! what must they have been, while gazing on revealed Divinity! when a mere painter could so enliven the inanimate canvas, as to give captivation to her person....grace to her attitude.....and resistless love to every glowing feature.

I rose from the perplexing scene.... but it was to encounter new surprizes.

As I was admiring the variety of tasteful ornaments which decorated the apartment.....I perceived, on a small ebony table, richly carved, an ivory casket inlaid with gold;.....a sparkling key stood in the golden lock, inviting my approach. I did not hesitate.....and with unutterable joy.....I found it to contain a roll of

colored parchment emblazoned with hieroglyphics, and inscribed.....

"*Appollonius of Tyana,....on Theophanies**."

You will readily imagine my transport at this discovery.....I pressed the precious relic, with devotion, to my lips.....and hastily sat down to read, ...or rather to devour....its contents... I had scarcely entered on my pleasing employment, when Theoclea sent me word, by the lovely nymph, that she was prevented from seeing me that morning by indispensable duties; but hoped I should find amusement to pass away the day,.....and concluded, by desiring I should consider myself as much at home as if in my own house.

I thanked the fair messenger, who instantly left me.....her light form..... like an ærial sylph,.....gliding through the air.

I now placed my treasure in my

* Apparition of a Deity.

bosom, and retired with it to the labyrinth of roses, where,.....reclining beneath contending sweets,.....I reassumed my eager study.....In a short time my attention was roused by the appearance of my beautiful cherub, who placed a basket, wove with alternate gold and silver wires, by my side, and....without speaking....tripp'd gaily from my sight.

The basket was filled with fruits of the most delicious flavor.....small rolls .....and a crystal flaggon of wine..... I made a hasty breakfast;.....and, once more, took up my roll of parchment, which I zealously pursued the whole morning.....It is true.....I was not much enlightened by the perusal .....It was replete with mystical and cabalistical figures, infinitely beyond my comprehension.....Still the more unfathomable the subject, the more dearly I prized it.....till, at length,.....

oppressed by the mid-day heat.....I sank down beneath the sheltering roses, which.....like a rich crimson sky.....canopied around me; and, in this happy, tranquil state, I fell asleep .....the queen of dreams perching on my shoulder, and whispering visions to my ear pregnant with fanciful delight.

When I awoke I found my mute attendant standing before me.....He beckoned me away, and led to a marble bath, where,....still silent..... he made the necessary arrangements .....nothing was wanting....Then helping me to dress.....he again disappeared.

Towards the close of day I received an intimation from Theoclea, of her desire to see me.....I followed her lovely handmaid to the grotto, where, ...during the sultry season,.....she usually spent her evenings....She met

me with a smile so expressive of benevolence....that the natural reserve of her countenance seemed to have retired to admit a livelier guest.

The work of Appollonius became our subject, and she inquired if I had comprehended all I read. I candidly replied, No!....upon which, she condescended to clear up the obscure passages, giving as much light to my mind, as its optics could well bear.

"The Deities".....she continued.... "become visible to all such as deserve, "by the tenor of their lives, such favor "....sometimes from the free impulse "of divine goodness....at others.....in "compliance with the prayers of their "zealous votaries.....This communi- "cation, however, requires time and "patience.....It can only be attained "by degrees,....and in this proportion "....as mortals elevate themselves by "faith, so gods descend from charity;

" .....thus hope is cherished by the
" party,.....and realized by the othe
This information,....so immediat
corresponding with my own opinio
....flattered my sentiments, and ser
to confirm them.....Theoclea enlar
on the subject, and with a quickn
of perception that would have
moved any doubts,.....had any exis
.....of her divine inspiration.....S
then derided the vulgar supposit
that the deities could be made o
dient to the powers of incantati
" It is true,".....she added,...." cert
" perfumes are acceptable to the g
" .....Perfection,.....whatever shap
" may assume,....is grateful to the
" ....but mortals possess no positiv
" attractive powers.....The aspirati
" of the soul,.....not of incense...
" .....can alone, move them.....o
" soul cleansed from the inordin
" passions of mankind."

When Theoclea ceased to speak, I fell at her feet, and earnestly prayed to be admitted within the sanctuary of the Goddess, to the threshold whereof she had once led me....She replied,

" The temple of Urania is sacred;
" and inaccessible to the profane.....
" To you, its full solemnities shall
" be revealed this night.

A light supper was soon served up, consisting simply of green and dried fruits;....and instead of the golden ewer with wine, a chrystal goblet with the purest water was handed to us.

This Pythagorean supper concluded,....a softly-breathing concert of vocal and instrumental music played on the enraptured ear.....It seemed music from the spheres.....I listened a considerable time, to the soothing harmony of the invisible choir, which gradually died away, till the last murmur ceased to reverberate.

Theoclea arose,....." Now, Proteus,
" prepare to indulge the ardent long-
" ings of thy soul.....Thou wilt behold
" the statue of Urania;.....but how
" far thou mayest be permitted to
" perceive of the Goddess herself,.....
" is beyond my power to reveal.....
" The statue will solve thy doubts.....
" Obey !.....But, from this moment,
" till the all-cheering sun breaks, in
" full splendor, from the lap of night
" to wake creation...let solemn silence
" seal our lips."

I bowed, and we crossed into the orange shrubbery, leading immediately to the temple.....On one side of the colonnade before the portal, three young girls, in long white robes of flowing muslin;....and on the other.... an equal number of boys in corresponding habits,...expected our arrival

As we passed the outward gat they,.....joining two and two,.....fc

lowed us and closed the door.....We were now in the vestibule;.....and, immediately opposite, was a door of massy gold, leading into the sacred temple.

To the right and left were attiring rooms for such as were permitted to approach this sanctuary.....Theoclea and her maiden train, retired one way, ...myself and the boys,.....by signs from her,.....entered the opposite closet.....

All passed in solemn silence!

I performed the ceremony of ablution,.....upon which, my attendants dressed me in a long-trained robe of white silk, girding me with a sash of the richest embroidery, studded with pearls.

Thus habited, we returned to the vestibule.....the boys holding their arms across their breasts, bowed obsequiously and disappeared.

The next moment Theoclea appeared....A pink satin vest,.....made to her shape,....reached almost down to her ancles; over which she wore a dark violet robe and train, with wide white sleeves of the finest lawn..... her luxuriant hair fell carelessly upon her shoulders, unrestrained by any ornament.....the sacerdotal band still bound her forehead, and in the centre, it sparkled with a star of blazing jewels....Her whole appearance was so effulgent.....so celestial....I could have worshipped her as a goddess.....The attendant nymphs wore short tunics of flesh-colored lustrings, with lawn petticoats.....their girdles purple.....their heads were encircled by gold tissue bands, fringed with small pearls, and hanging on the left side below their knees.

All four passed me with their eyes intently bent upon the ground.....

Theoclea unlocked the golden door.... went in, accompanied by her nymphs .....it closed upon them.....presently it opened again....and with slow, regular steps, the party approached me....each holding something in her right hand which she had taken from the inner temple.

Theoclea having affixed a bandeau round my brows, retired to the right .....One of the nymphs then placed a myrtle wreath upon my forehead....the next, a fragrant lily in my right hand.... and the third.....a full-blown rose in my left.....The priestess then, touching each of my eyes with her consecrated finger.....motioned that I should enter the temple.....I obeyed.....and the door, as usual, closed upon me.

Perhaps you may think all this ceremony calculated to create suspicions injurious to the deification of the Urania I was to see.....It may appear

so to a cool, deliberating mind.....but my soul was worked up to such an height of enthusiastic frenzy, that all these solemn delays begat new anxieties, and my heart throbbed with increasing tumult as I approached the sacred fane.

I paused at the door,....an amazing burst of light shot its rays from the recess, where, on a pedestal of highly-burnished gold, the Goddess stood enshrined....I was dazzled with the sight ....and turned my eyes on meaner objects to collect my scattered senses..... The internal ornaments of this splendid temple were superbly decorative, and the supporting pillars of a light, but noble order of architecture.....As my eyes returned towards the centre, I became more assured, and gazed with devotion on the godlike shrine.

The statue was of pure white marble, and considerably taller than any repre-

sentation I had hitherto seen of Venus. Such was the perfection of the figure, that it blended divine complacency with all the softened graces of bewitching mortal beauty....The drapery fell in the most easy and natural folds, and.....confined at the right knee by a clasp of superior brilliancy.....discovered the fine polish of her beautifully-tapered leg and foot.

A little to the right,....and in front of the statue,.....a Cupid, of the same materials, knelt.....holding a golden censor, whence an incense....breathing the most delightful perfume.....and issuing from a prodigious flame of singular brightness.....threw a blaze of light around the unrivalled statue.

I fell on the ground before the gloriously-resplendent Goddess.....the impulse was involuntary.....my soul was lost in the sublimity of its feelings.

But I must not presume to attempt

a description of this celestial scene Such was the power of illusion, gazed till I thought.....'twas only fo an instant.....that,

" The Goddess.....animated....stoo " confest before me."

The torch of Cupid in a few mo ments died away.....I hastened to th door, which I just discovered tim enough to get out. I laid aside th myrtle wreath.....roses.....lilies.....an one of the boys waited to divest m of my robes....I returned.....my whol soul so full of this new object, that could feel every vein swell with rap ture and delight.....Not indeed that was enslaved by cold marble;.....my imagination soared to the living God dess, surrounded by the full dazzling rays of her own celestial glory.

I scarce knew whether I slept o not, after all I had witnessed.....But remember I remained in a continuec

dream.....At one moment I was in the temple, kneeling at Urania's feet; at another, translated into paradise, enjoying immortal love with undecaying beauty.....Then we walked arm in arm through groves of amaranth.... roses and violets sprang up under our feet.....and an eternal spring reigned around us.

The world would call this nothing less than madness.....But I declare, so correspondent was the combination of events with my own visionary reflections, that I met every thing cordially and cheerfully, and the result was perfect happiness.

Part of the next morning I passed with Theoclea in the labyrinth of roses.....She gave me a key, with unlimited permission to visit the temple as often as my wishes directed, provided I never unlocked the golden door before the setting of the sun.....or left

it open after its rising.....She told m
the Goddess was satisfied with the el
vated principles of my soul.....ra
among mortals.....and that my lot....
or she was much deceived....would b
the envy of mankind.....

" I am not permitted to say more,
.....she added....and abruptly left me.

I can read your thoughts, Lucia
by the smile of your countenance...
But patience, my good friend.....b
not so hasty at conjecture.....I hav
introduced you to a company nc
easily unmasked.....I am hastenin
to the climax.

Theoclea and myself met again i
the evening; and conversing about m
visit to the temple, and the circum
stances attending it, she enquired i
I had ever been at Gnidos.....I replie
I had not.

" Then," she said, " you have nc
" seen the famous Venus, by Praxitele

" .....but, possibly, you are better ac-
" quainted with the Venus of Alme-
" anes at Athens, where you resided
" some time?

" Assuredly,".....I replied.....But
" how vast is the distinction!.....
" How different my feelings in even
" *thinking* on one and on the other!

" I understand you,".....answered
Theoclea....." You saw the one with
" a calm, vacant astonishment.....but
" the other.....

" Has filled my whole heart.....
" soul.....and faculties.....my bosom
" can scarce contain the mighty sen-
" timent.....The former gave me a
" liberal idea of the workman's skill
" in executing a model of exquisite
" beauty.....whereas this.....Oh,....
" *I felt that I saw the Goddess really*
" *present!*

" Beware of your heated fancy;"
she replied....." its romantic sallies

" operate often against the nobler
" inspirations of the spirit...and when
" we expect substance to reward our
" labors, we find.....a shadow!.....
" When you fancied you really saw
" Urania, what could have influenced
" you but illusion?.....Restrain your
" active imagination.....Let the pure
" feelings of your heart display them-
" selves at large.....Hence may you
" hope the Goddess will espouse your
" wishes.....It is the sensibility of the
" heart....not the susceptibility of the
" imagination.....that must be the
" channel to her blissful communi-
" cations."

Having thus said, she left me..... And I had an opportunity to compare her lecture with my own reflections, and to act accordingly.

I will not fatigue you with the tedious progress of my sublime, and equally singular passion. It is enough

to tell you that I visited the shrine on the following evening, and my heart was so differently attuned by the lesson I had taken from Theoclea, that every chord murmured with the most perfect love, at sight of the divine object which harmonized its feelings.....Indeed to such a dizzy height had the inspiration raised me .....I shuddered at my exaltation; and hastened,.....while I had yet the power,...from the temple, in dismay.

The door once shut upon me, I stopped till the violent palpitations in my bosom had acquired a more moderate tone, and resolved.....most piously .....not to trust myself in the temple again, till I had divested my soul of every atom of mortal love, and formed it on the pure system of spiritual passion, as the grand requisite of my desired theophany.

To speak to Theoclea on this subject

was impossible.....Language could not find words to describe the melting tenderness of my wishes, without exciting suspicions injurious to my cause, and a confirmation that I was still influenced by degrading, sensual passions.

On the other hand, Theoclea saw all I attempted to hide.....I was pensive.....sad.....restless in the extreme.... and shunning.....instead of meeting, as I had been accustomed.....her approach....She, however, kindly affected not to perceive any thing strange, and equally with me avoided any explanation on the subject.

The day passed in this unsocial way, and I actually so far commanded my inclinations, as to refrain from visiting the Goddess at night.....This was the more laudable, as I several times felt myself hurried towards the temple.... and once.....so irresistibly.....that I

reached the golden door...but clapping my hands before my eyes, I hastily retreated from the dangerous spot.

The pain I thus inflicted on myself produced a sleepless night...A feverish heat parched my lips.....my eyes were so languid.....and my appearance altogether so wan and disconsolate,.... Theoclea could no longer be blind to my altered situation.

" Good heaven! Proteus".....said she, " what! art thou unwell!..... " Where is thy sprightly smile?..... " where that cheerful countenance " that announced thy happy mind?.... " You look pale.....I tremble at the " change....Ah, Proteus!....tell me,.... " wherefore didst thou omit last even- " ing thy visit to the shrine?.....why " pass a sleepless night in wandering " about the solitary avenues of the " dreary grove?"

I could scarce reply.....At length,

I said.....selecting phrases to varnish over my frailty.....I had voluntarily punished myself, that I might, by abstinence of mind, as well as body, appear a pure and undefiled votary before the Goddess.

She looked at me.....Alas! she understood me too well!

At last,.....taking my hand, with a smile,....“ you are fanciful, Proteus.....
“ be more assured.....The Goddess
“ is too gracious with you.....Do you
“ not know, it only depends on her
“ will to chuse by what particular
“ inspiration she will evince her
“ power over your feelings?....And
“ would you,....blooming in youth,...
“ and favoured by nature,....be insen-
“ sible to these blissful sentiments
“ which even inanimate objects seem
“ to feel in her presence?

“ Cease to suppose thy ardent
“ wishes criminal.....Hath not the

" Goddess inspired thee with love?...
" Can love exist without desire ?.....
" Can desire breathe without expres-
" sion ?....Thy feelings are divine!....
" Fly not the ravishing influence of
" the celestial summons....Urania can
" excite no passion devoid of purity;
" and love ennobles the mind...trans-
" ports the senses,.....elevates the
" soul !.....Woulds't thou annihilate
" such tempting raptures, and rob
" existence of its choicest blessing ?"

While Theoclea was speaking, I observed an animation in her countenance I had never seen before.....her fine intelligent eyes almost sparkled fire.....Mine were instantly fixed upon them.....She observed my looks, and changed her manner.

We were some time both silent..... Theoclea resumed the conversation; ....but with dignified composure.

" I will tell you, Proteus, what

" my opinion is of your love.....It
" leads you astray.....or rather you
" deceive yourself, by attempting to
" force upon your inclinations an un-
" natural fantastical sort of propen-
" sity; comforting yourself with a
" hope, that, by such means, you ap-
" proximate divine perfection!....You
" are mistaken....You flatter self-love
" by these artificial means; for true
" love thinks on nothing but its ob-
" ject, and then with such truth and
" doating fervor, it has no room to
" admit the least personal conside-
" ration...Perhaps you are not capable
" of such a passion!....Your heart is
" not susceptible of such pure disin-
" terested principles?....If so, I pity
" you.....for be assured, no less will
" satisfy a deity.....Nor will you ever
" attain your darling wishes, till you
" have first attained this way of
" thinking,...acting,....and feeling."

I was most sensibly touched by these concluding words!....I saw she had developed my designs of imposing on her, and my conscious heart so forcibly repeated to me the true meaning of its emotions, I could no longer deceive myself.....The Goddess had inspired me wish a passion that was inexplicable.....a passion that filled every nerve in my composition, and breathed at every vein.....I had latterly experienced something of the kind for Calippe;.....but that was in so comparatively lukewarm a way, it could scarce be called a foretaste of my present ardent feelings.

Under this conviction, I became bolder as I replied,...assuring Theoclea, I could with truth, presume to say, she was.....for once in her life..... mistaken.....that I had neither hypocrisy nor self-love in my nature;.... and, as I explained, conviction followed

every word,.....supported by such warmth of language, and animation of gesture, that Theoclea yielded..... A reconciliation took place after this little difference of opinion.....and we passed the day with uncommon gaiety and vivacity.....I found myself relieved from a load which had oppressed me;... and I was,.....once more,.....cheerful and happy.

All objections being removed by this last *tete a tete*, I gave the reins to my inclinations;.....and so impatient were they,....now they lost their curb,....to hurry onward, it was with difficulty I prevailed on them to attend an invitation to an evening's repast with Theoclea, who took such infinite pains to exceed her usual pleasantry,.....it was ungrateful in me, to think her tedious.

Night advanced.....She withdrew. .....My feet scarce touched the ground.

.....I flew to the temple,.....the birds seemed to oppose my eager wishes by gathering about me;.....and in wild melody .....seeking to attract my notice.....Ah no,.....my soul was preingaged.....As I approached the golden door, I extended my arm to reach the lock,.....it opened.....Judge my astonishment at finding the torch extinguished !.....The building was so dark, I could not,....even with the assistance of the light that came in at the door,.....discern the shrine.

A million of anxious apprehensions crouded on my mind.....I thought, perhaps, Urania was disposed to try whether her image was so perfectly engraven on my heart, that I could, ...even in this scene of darkness..... view it as if present to my glowing fancy, and feast on the delusion.

I had no time to make a trial..... In one second,.....a brilliant radiance

filled the spacious temple.....and a perfume composed of every precious odor, stole on my astonished senses.... The image was removed from the recess, and I beheld a bright cloud of transparent azure tinged with crimson, gradually extend along the holy chancel, filling the vacancy above the pedestal.....In the centre....floating on unsubstantial æther,.....in the dazzling beauty of divine perfection,..... appeared the living Goddess !.....

A ray of glory beamed on her sacred person.....The three attendant graces....fair representatives of blooming youth.....sported, gaily round her, in all the fascinating variety of the mazy dance,.....their light forms assuming the most enchanting attitudes, and....at alternate moments, as they passed..... they playfully threw on an envious veil;.....and then as suddenly, resumed the conquering display of na-

tive loveliness....I was lost in ecstasy! ....When the Goddess.....with a benignant smile,.....darted a gracious glance towards me,...and all vanished.

Lucian, do not suppose me embellishing a dream.....I was as perfectly awake at the period I describe, as I am at this....All I relate,....I saw.

How long this vision lasted, I am at a loss to tell you.....It required a cooler head than mine,.....under such circumstances,.....to have made a mechanical calculation. I only know, ...when it vanished, it appeared merely to have existed an instant; but that *one* instant was.....in love's computation.....compared with the twenty years of my past life,....as the ocean is to a drop of water.

After this theophany, I shall at least be credited when I assert that Venus Urania had not,.....on the face of the globe,.....a more devoted ad-

mirer,.....or a more zealous votary..... than myself...

I was now convinced of the firmness and extent of my enthusiasm which possessed capacity to support me under whatever could seem incredible and marvellous.

The temple was,.....once more,..... left in total darkness; and I felt myself so oppressed, I gladly ran into the open air for free respiration..,.....I thought too deeply to sleep.....My bosom heaved almost to bursting..... I lay,...tossed,..tumbled,.....and was the victim of inexplicable inquietude. .....Fortunately, day appeared much sooner than I expected, and I hastened abroad to borrow new existence from the vivifying rays of the bright morning's sun. As I passed the recess of the rock, Theoclea, who was up, and dressed, beckoned me to stop....She came down to me, and told me she had

risen to go into the city, where she had pressing business to attend; but .....added she, with surprise....

" What has awakened thee,....friend " Proteus,.....thus early, from thy " downy pillow?"

With the simplicity of truth,..... and the full energy of my feelings,.... I related all that happened the preceding night, hoping the disburthened confidence would relieve my swoln bosom.....At her intreaty I repeated every minute circumstance over and over again, till she became convinced this sublime vision was not a creation of fancy.

" Now, Proteus," said she, " I may " congratulate you on your happy " fate; and I shall experience less re- " gret in leaving you for a few days, " as your mind will find occupation " enough to reconcile you to solitude, " during my absence.....In the in-

" terim,...consider every thing within
" the grove subservient to your or-
" ders....My attendants have received
" instructions to prevent your wishes,
" and I have taken care nothing
" should be wanting to place you at
" your ease."

So saying....with the cordial freedom of an old friend.....she embraced me,.....and then,.....attended by one of her nymphs....mounted a car drawn by two milk-white coursers, richly caparisoned.....the saddle-cloths were embroidered with gold, silver, and variegated foils.....the bits of pure beaten gold.....The charioteer took up the crimson reins, and the neighing steeds.....proudly pawing the ground .....pranced with the carriage from my sight.

Nothing could have happened more opportunely than the absence of Theoclea, at this interesting moment....The

state of my mind required solitude to nurse and fondle its ecstatic feelings... My soul was transported into the vision of the Goddess....I had nothing of self left; but the power of pursuing her gliding form through the light azure cloud,.....and contemplating its sublimity.

I sought the gloomy stillness of the grove, conversing with myself on the ineffable rapture....the superior bliss.... into which my senses were dissolved. The vision hovered round my fancy in all the seducing colors of the enchanting reality.....till it became connected with my being. I no longer argued as a mortal.....I felt deified.....Did I not love a Goddess?.....and must I not be more than mortal, when assured that she approved my passion?....How could I longer doubt?.....Was she not visible to me in the most seducing of all shapes.....that of a lovely female.... made to inspire and reward love.

" Sovereign of angelic beauty!
" Oh, pursue thy condescending
" grace.....complete that divine com-
" munication of which thou hast
" afforded me a pledge.....inspire me
" with confidence to support, and
" worth to deserve, thy celestial
" favor.....Enable me to study thy
" divine nature, and enjoy the full
" prerogatives of my own!"

What hopes now opened to my unbounded fancy!....I disdained the common advantages which Adonis and Endymion are poetically fabled to have drawn from the enamoured Goddess.....I already had winged my flight to regions of boundless space.... I had penetrated the mysteries of a superior world.....and, with Urania at my side, found all things possible.... I determined.....like another Prometheus.....to renovate mankind.....to banish misery from the earth.....to recal Astræa from the skies.....to re-

store the happy innocence of the golden age.....to bless it with the arts.....to give the Muses to dignify and improve this second Eden,.....to send the Graces to embellish it.

Like Icarius,.....I attempted the soaring height of heaven,.....forgetful that my new-acquired wings were of melting wax!

I pursued the current of my towering fancy.....no fear.....no doubt..... no semblance of solicitude opposed my blissful voyage.....and if it be a truth, that the visionary pursuits of imagination exceed the joys of reality.....then this was.....certainly.....the happiest day of my existence.

Without being conscious of the change.....I at length found myself in the bower.....and could perceive a gentle slumber stealing on my eyelids.....Yielding to the impulse.....I continued to sleep during the heat of the day.

When I awoke.....a table spread with every delicacy stood before me, and a flaggon of wine, cool'd in a silver ice-pail.....Can you conceive it?.....my new divinity fell on the savory viands, with the most greedy appetite;.....and so well did I play my part, that I did not leave a meal for a sparrow out of this profuse entertainment, or once interrupt my voracious inclinations,.....during this animal recreation.....by my former splendid dreams.

It is supposed enchanted persons exist without food.....It may be so in many cases.....but the enchantment which proceeds from love differs in this respect.....it exhausts the spirits more than any other passion, and,..... consequently,.....requires greater aliment. Besides.....as this day was pregnant with presage.....is it unfair, to augur this excessive hunger to have been a mere necessary preparation to

enable my relaxed nerves to support .....with fortitude.....the approaching communications of the divine Urania.

At all events.....physicians will find it very natural.

I know not whether it arose from the versatility of the human mind,..... or from what other cause.....but true it is, that the flow of spirits produced by this late invigorating treat.....had given a different coloring to things..... In the morning my ideas were wrapt in halcyon repose, which,.....like a bright summers' sky, smiling on the enlivened earth below.....gave life new charms.....I now felt a strange restlessness about me.....a sort of indeterminate longing.....It became more and more troublesome as the night advanced.....I sought every means to quiet the turbulent intruder, by a perpetual variety of scene and position.....All in vain.....I could not change myself.

As the sun verged towards its decline.....the picture of my heavenly apparition rose up again, blessing my sight with renovated beauty.....I saw charms I had not time to contemplate before.....I felt unutterable sensations .....the ray of glory was not now visible around the Goddess.....her form seemed the captivating perfection of embodied beauty.....it had allurements which created new feelings within me.....My excessive desire for another interview increased.....I was more than impatient.....pettish!.....my arms extended to enclose the shadow.....I addressed it.....confessed all the rapturous emotions of my heart.....the fond enthusiasm of a virgin passion .....I rambled over the grove, and yet.....every minute, I was before the temple.....The sun seemed to tarry in its progress.....its splendor could not cheer me.....I upbraided its brightness .....and as it dipped in the horizon.....

that little moment seemed a whole eternity.

I already hoped.....nay expected..... to see the Goddess this night for a longer space of time....that she would appear with milder glory.....condescend to address me, and dictate, from her own ambrosial lips, the preparation necessary to a more immediate communication.....I scarce knew what I wished.....or rather the nature of it .....but the more indefinite.....the more ardently I panted for the dear enjoyment.....till I formed ideas of gasping with the stupendous rapture of being the object of Urania's love.

The sun had scarcely disappeared, when I tottered to the temple.....for my agitations were now so violent..... I could not command my steps..... When I approached the golden door .....my tremor increased.....I was unable to guide the key to the lock.....

my brain was in a maddening heat..... I staggered through the colonnade into the orange shrubbery.....Here I made a hasty turn or two, and,.....by degrees.....found firmness to return to the sacred fane, and enter.

A new surprise!

Innumerable crystal chandeliers..... with waving drops.....reflected brilliancy in all the colors of the rainbow.....and a purple curtain, fringed with gold, concealed the interior of the recess.

I stood.....awfully pondering on this mystery, when,.....all at once..... a flying cupid.....on either side.....undrew the curtain.....and vanished.....

Once more the statue of the Goddess blessed my impatient eyes.

Her dress and attitude, as before.... but instead of the pedestal, she was supported on elevated steps....covered with a carpeting to match the curtain

.....and leading to a superb throne..... before which Urania stood in all the divine majesty of matchless beauty. .....No splendid rays now shot their glories round her head.....a simple net of plain unfigured lace reached from her forehead to the ground, and was confined about her temples by a wreath of jessamines and damask roses.

I gazed,.....till my distended eyes appeared to enter the very object they were intent upon....Gradually,....methought.....the statue moved.....My fancy fired.....I would have rushed forwards, but my feet were immovable....Presently she raised her arms, and,...with a solemn motion,....uplifted the slender veil above her forehead, disclosing, to my ravished senses, her superlatively dazzling charms....There was a fire in her eye, whence such lustre beamed, I shrunk from the overpowering blaze, as from the glittering rays

of a resplendent mid-day sun.....A gentle palpitation heaved her bosom..... It quickened,...till the alabaster whiteness of those beauteous orbs blushed with a roseate hue.....and her surcharged heart, bursting with increased emotion.....the tell-tale blood rushed in torrents, from its home, suffusing all the lilies of her fine proportioned limbs with the carnation's glow.

Illusion.....or reality,.....I was almost frantic,.....And now my fate forced me forwards.....I approached with awe.....A smile of invitation..... graced by enchanting sweetness..... dimpled on Urania's lovely cheek..... I was magnetized....and, as the needle follows to the pole,.....so I obeyed resistless power.

At the foot of the shrine,.....unconsciously,.....my arms opened.....She extended hers.....We clasped each other;.....mine folding round her

person with the wild grasp of madness. ....Our lips joined....the burning kiss communicated with my veins;..... her bosom beat against my heart;..... it was the fond alarum of almighty Love, and her whole bewitching form surrendered to the signal.....engrafting her twining limbs on the support of mine.

My senses could bear no more..... My heart.....my soul.....my very being,.....melted in the voluptuous embrace.....I lost my sight,.....my recollection.....myself!

Thus was I deified.....When I awoke from the dissolving trance, I found myself lying on a couch by the side of the Goddess....We were alone in the recess.....the throne was removed,.....the curtain dropped..... a single taper gave a glimmering light .....and, all was hushed, save the soft murmurings of impatient love.....

It is now time,.....Lucian.....to relieve thy suspense about the identity of this terrestrial Venus; who, by contrivances scarcely within the compass of human ingenuity,.....and with an expence unequalled.....condescended to convert an inconsiderable citizen of Parium, into an Adonis!

You have, doubtless, discovered your error in supposing the daughter of Appollonius to have been the Venus Urania.....Things were conducted on a more extended scale.....Indeed, had it been so, I must.....notwithstanding my enthusiasm.....have discovered the cheat, either when she appeared attended by the Graces in a cloud,.....or in the animated statue.

Theoclea was, certainly, a fine woman.....but she was past the meridian of youth, and had no resemblance to the statue.....but the Venus I saw was so complete a counter-

part of the marble representation,.... in shape.....height.....feature.....nay, expression of countenance.....that speech and motion made the only difference between them.

The grove.....the dwelling in the rock.....the temple.....the gardens..... and all the scenery.....were transformations of a very extensive property belonging to a Roman lady, whose whim it was, thus.....in the centre of her dominions.....to give an unbounded scope to a romantic fancy.

Her name was Mamilia Quintilla.... and such was her fascinating endowments.....she might have raised herself, in the days of a Nero, or Caligula, to the power of a Messalina,..... with the same ease, as she did, in the reign of Hadrian, to the universal celebrity she enjoyed.

Early in life.....blooming in extra-

ordinary beauty.....she captivated a crazy old Roman,.....who,.....by traffic.....good fortune.....and farming the public revenue of all the Asiatic provinces.....had accumulated immense riches.....To enjoy this treasure she sacrificed her person.....determined..... whenever Heaven pleased.....in mercy .....to relieve her from her loathsome yoke-fellow, to repay herself,.....with interest,.....for her mis-spent time.

Quintilla not only resembled the Empress I have named in beauty..... but in that passion which has handed her fame down to posterity;.....Yet it must be admitted, that the exquisite taste with which she framed the indulgence of her darling propensities.....the delicacy with which she enveloped her warmest wishes.....her choice of objects.....all conspired to rank her.....in point of sentiment..... before her predecessor,.....Augusta,.....

or any other noble Roman of equal charms and frailty.

When a child.....her imagination loved to traverse the wild regions of poetic flights.....she nursed the visionary puppets.....caressed them..... till,.....from habit,.....these favorites became essential to her happiness.

It is more than probable, that the host of parasites.....who always pursue the footsteps of the powerful and wealthy.....bowed down to worship her foibles after she became the wife of the old patrician.....comparing her extraordinary beauty with that of the Cyprian Queen.....and inflaming her mind.....tremblingly alive to such impression.....with perpetual adulation.....

When old Tithon was fairly laid in the family vault.....is it at all surprising that such a bewitching creature.....not twenty.....with a soul

formed of exquisitely susceptible materials.....with a fortune exceeding calculation.....should.....thus.....in the fulness of life, and ravishing beauty, give indulgence to her free inclination, and realise,.....as far as human art could go,.....the joys of heaven on earth.....by arrogating to herself the semblance of that Goddess whose heart she seemed to inherit.....and reveling,.....like her.....in all those joys which, by nature, she was equally formed to give and to partake?

To fulfil this ideal scheme.....to carry the luxuries of mortality to its utmost bounds,.....she summoned every aid.....ordinary and extraordinary.....Her villa was disposed with such profusion of magnificence, it became a fairy palace.....and the grounds around it, another Paphos;.... her apartments were occupied by innumerable boys from eight to

twelve years of age, of surprising beauty.....and of girls from twelve to sixteen equally lovely.....These she procured with infinite trouble and expence from the most remote provinces of the Roman empire, studying only how to fulfil the measure of her plan.

No Eastern monarch could boast in his service finer instruments and voices.....her dancers excelled in all the grace and brilliancy of execution .....and artists.....skilled in every professional excellence that could embellish luxury.....attended the caprices of the fair Mamilia.....And so well was she calculated to employ their talents with effect.....that her palace and her gardens resembled the enchantment of a splendid pantomime.....where,..... at the waving of a wand,.....every necessary change is magically produced. .....And as Fate is seldom content

with filling the cup simply to the brim.....it was her peculiar fortune, to engage a Grecian assistant of such versatile talents, that she could not, ...perhaps.....in the whole world,..... have met her equal to give the finishing polish to her beautifully-singular ideas.....However,.....all these things will explain themselves.....To digress no longer.....

I continued so wrapped up in the indulgence of this celestial life,.....it was some time before I began to find that I was merely a toy kept for the amusement of a romantic young wanton, and her elderly voluptuous handmaid.

A novice in the mysteries of the Cytherean grove.....how should I anticipate the denouement of a farce so ably got up, and enriched with such splendid scenery!...That which would have opened the eyes of another, only

shut mine closer;....and the powers of illusion continued to operate with undiminished force.

The arms of Mamilia.....like a wilderness of sweets.....fascinated all the senses.....Her joys were sublime,..... and I readily supposed myself more than mortal, to survive the overpowering torrents of bliss in which my senses swam.....Like Semele..... who perished in the embraces of Jupiter when invested with his godhead.....I thought I must have died with rapture, had I not been more than mortal.

Mamilia studied every art to prevent the intervention of reflection, even for a single moment.....Luxury followed luxury.....Joy succeeded joy. ....Her apartment was my Olympus!... It might have created envy in the gods.....With such facility did all things work upon my rich imagina-

tion.....so fully did I meet her fondest wishes.....my Circe gazed with tenderness and admiration.....hailing me her demigod!

It is said.....the immortality of the gods requires nutriment to keep the sacred blaze alive.....Mamilia was aware of this.....In the midst of our delicious languor the three Graces presented themselves before us, each bearing refreshments on a golden salver.....Mamilia encouraged me to taste this modern nectar and ambrosia..... My spirits revived.....and I thought myself transported to the secret covert of the Queen of Love.

These lovely girls having performed their office, again left us alone, and.....

In short, my dear Lucian, when I awoke from a gentle slumber, the sun had sometime risen.....I found myself.....surrounded by a swarm of little Cupids.....in a marble bath,

scented with oil of roses.....and all lassitude was removed by this invigorating treat.

When I quitted the bath.....I was led to a closet, where my attendants busied themselves in arraying me with the most splendid garments.....Suddenly a door opened, leading to a parterre.....Here Flora had assembled every thing that could increase the pleasures of enchantment.....Groupes of little female loves.....contending which should approach nearest to me .....ran up, presenting nosegays composed of an endless variety of fragrance.....Then skipping before me with playful vivacity, I followed the little winged angels through a citron grove.....At the extremity,..... on a gently-rising hillock.....stood a pavilion, built of the finest Phrygian marble.....forming a centre to the double colonnade which circled a

spacious court.....A large jasper bason rose in the middle, upheld by four statues of sparkling minerals.....emblematical of the seasons.....and its capacious bosom perpetually sustained the limpid offerings of a magnificent fountain.

I looked around me.....and felt as if I had only now began to live.....My lovely guides still moving onwards, they led me.....light.....alert.....and happy.....to the Phrygian pavilion.

As I advanced.....two choirs of nymphs came singing and dancing to meet me.....On their approach.....filing off, in equal numbers to the right and left....they formed an avenue to the pavilion.....each held a little basket filled with sweetly-scented flowers, which she strewed beneath my footsteps as I passed.....bowing with reverence.....and saluting me, master of this blest abode.

They withdrew on my entrance..... and now another assemblage of loves and zephyrs pressed around me to display the splendor of my gay apartments.....All that art could do to gratify the taste.....to captivate the eye,...or swell the passions.....reigned in profuse luxuriance;.....but my eyes turned from the paintings, busts, and statues which ornamented the gallery, to seek the still more fascinating Goddess.

I sought in vain....how willingly would I have resigned this gorgeous palace.....with all its splendid attraction....to wander in a solitary cavern's deepest gloom.....there....undisturbed, and pensively alone....to dwell on the endearing recollections of a few hours past.....and ponder on that form divine which filled my ravished soul!

I could no longer support this parade.....I ran from my lovely compa-

nions into the garden,.....and encountering a shade of odoriferous shrubs, I threw myself beneath its friendly foliage, where I indulged in the charms of sentiment.....Here.....I should have forgotten all my wants, had not the more attentive little Loves reminded me of them.....They introduced me to an arched bower, where my table was already set out.....I ate heartily..... and listened to the softest tones of music playing on my delighted ear..... This soothing harmony, at length, lulled me to repose,.....I slept till evening.....cheered by dreams descriptive of that blissful draught my lips had just been taught to sip.....The voluptuous languor I had experienced all the morning was now totally removed.....Rich in youth,.....and all its blessings.....I flew with increased impatience to meet the Queen of my desires.

Wandering, I perceived a serpentine walk I had never observed before.....: and following it.....found myself..... suddenly.....in a confined vale,..... surrounded by high rocks,...interwoven with verdure,.....and inaccessible..... As I looked around me....I discovered a grotto cut in the heights of the rock, and a zig-zag flight of narrow, even steps, leading to the ascent.....My curiosity was now excited.....As I mounted....I thought I heard a splashing of water.....I became certain of the fact as I approached a thicket of wild roses, and,.....peeping through the branches of matted evergreens, which served as a curtain to the extremity of the grotto.....I advanced, and beheld!.....

It was my Goddess!

Such was the situation in which the hapless Acteon strayed on the privacy of the chaste Diana.....I did not dread

a similar fate.....but I trod gently on the sod.....scarcely suffering my breath to escape my lips.....The hedge was thick.....I saw without being seen.

My eyes had been accustomed to the statue.....and the statue was modelled on the very perfection of her every lovely limb.....True.....but my optics were changed.....With what different emotions did I now fasten on her beauties!

A man takes up a book superbly printed.....the characters fair.....the ornaments costly.....but the contents are hidden in an unknown language. Another takes up the volume.....the characters are familiar to him.....he reads.....understands.....digests the sentiment!

This,.....Lucian,.....even thy cold heart can comprehend.

Mamilia was attended by the Graces I had usually seen about her.....They

were dressed with such peculiar art, as to give a sort of intervening shade between their slightly covered beauties,.....and the unrivalled charms of their excelling mistress..... The very hour contributed to enrich the scene....The declining sun beamed full upon the grotto;.....its rays insinuated themselves between the openings on the top of the rocks, to revel with her exposed beauties;.....and, as they wantoned from charm to charm, ...the delighted sun seemed to loiter in his course.

I could have gazed for ever;....but my Goddess soon left the bath, and was dressed by the Graces with becoming elegance.....The next moment, the whole grotto seemed animated,.... troops of little loves gathered around her to fill up the pageantry of her return.

I retired unperceived;.....and wan-

dered about the grounds with my head and heart both full of undescribable emotion....At length, I lost myself.....Striving to recover some path with which I was acquainted, I discovered a small gilt Apollo, on the top of a temple.....It was so closely surrounded by a myrtle hedge, I walked onward in search of a clue to the mystery.....A little Cupid, standing on a step of the entrance to this temple, put his fore finger to his lips as I advanced.....He winked.....pushed the door gently open....and locked me in.

On a crimson satin sopha, canopied with all possible magnificence.....my Goddess sat, in a reeling posture.

In this apartment,.....luxury seemed to have set up her throne;.....but all the miracles of art faded before my eyes.....I beheld nothing but my Goddess....and my initiation was now completed!.....As it would have been

superfluous longer to maintain the character of Urania,.....the divinity imperceptibly changed into the gay Mamilia Quintilla.

At length I wished for the appearance of the Graces.....They presented themselves as before;.....but the charm was broken:.....The talisman which had so long entranced my senses was divested of all further power.....Mamilia was too complete an adept not to observe the alteration.....She, however, betrayed no displeasure;.....but, with a smile of seducing sweetness, said, "Thou art in want of rest, my love."..... Then throwing a large veil over her person, she,.....and her attendants,.....disappeared.

Notwithstanding,.....in the judgment of Mamilia,.....I might require repose.....still.....for this night.....sleep was a stranger to my eyelids....The fall of Phæton.....however figuratively a

poet might describe it.....would give no idea of my feelings as I fell from the towering heights of my ambitious prospects.....The magic cloud once gone by,.....no language can express the abhorrence with which I looked upon myself.....To be the hero of a sarcastic tale;.....to see myself the sport of two wantons, who tortured art in forming contrivances to practise on my innocent credulity and unaffected ignorance!

I cursed myself and my undoers.... In reviewing the several incidents of the last week,.....I began to wonder how my senses, or my heart, had yielded to the delusion.....How I could so long be blind to such palpable artifice, and find ideal perfection in their wily snares.....I sought the remote parts of the forest.....I threw myself on the ground,.....raved,.....beat my forehead,.....and was the victim of despondency.

Hearing a footstep, I looked round, ...It was Theoclea;.....who,.....in the dead of the night, came to me, and with placid composure saluted me, enquiring by what accident she found me thus.

" Would you had never found me!" I replied, turning from her with disgust.

" Can Proteus,".....she answered;
" .....after what has passed since we
" last met, form so ungrateful a wish?

" Ungrateful !.....Syren !....Hyæna!
" whatsoever else thou art.....can
" deceit, like thine, look up for grati-
" tude?

" Insolent!" She replied....." If
" thou hast been deceived,.....the
" proudest monarch on the globe
" would hasten from his throne to
" be so pleasingly deceived.....Proteus,
" I understand thee not.

" Is not the Venus, into whose nets
" thou hast beguiled me, an.....?"

Theoclea interrupted me.....Indeed I could not finish the sentence.

" Thou art in an humor, Proteus, " to say what shames thee to utter " .....and would disgrace me to listen " to."

With these words she left me in her usual solemn step.....I was confused at her rebuke....dissatisfied with my own conduct....I was inexplicable to myself.

After a contest,.....in which I found I lost ground every moment,.....I yielded to the influence of this mysterious woman, whose power was irresistible....The ease with which she accosted me.....the dignity of her retort.....the contempt with which she left me to my own splenetic reflections.....all contributed to renew her former empire over my mind;.....and, feeling remorse for my unmanly conduct, I jumped up, determined to

seek her, and ask forgiveness.....Indeed a few admonishing struggles seemed to oppose the act.....but an impulse of superior attraction hurried me onward.

I roved till after day-light without meeting the object of my search..... At last I found her sitting at her embroidery-frame in an open alcove..... She affected not to notice my approach.....I passed backward and forward, unobserved.....till, unable to resist any longer, I entered the alcove, and seated myself opposite to her..... Theoclea would not move her eyes from her work....We continued dumb a considerable time,.....when,.....I sigh'd.

" Bless me, Proteus! what,.....a " sigh !.....Thou art, indeed, a " wretched being, claiming pity from " all tender-hearted damsels.....Poor " Proteus! thou hast been most

" cruelly treated...Thou hast been the
" sole object of a beautiful woman's
" thoughts for some time past,.....
" who has studied.....even against
" thy will.....to metamorphose *thy*
" chimerical into substantial joys.....
" Thou hast partaken a delicious
" reality.....exceeding all thy fancy
" could have imaged....of every thing
" alluring.....and yet thou sighest.....
" Alas, poor Proteus!"

" Fair prophetess,".....I replied,....
" I should indeed be happy if I
" could only think as you would
" have me."

" You really believe so?" Theoclea answered,....." But we must wave
" this subject for the present."

Then rising, she asked me to accompany her to the pavilion.....As we walked, she informed me Mamilia was gone to Miletum on unforeseen business, and had commissioned her

to provide for my amusement till her return.

" If you have no objection," she added, " we will pass our time till " dinner in visiting the curiosities of " this villa.....The riches of the fair " owner you may easily conceive " from what you have already wit- " nessed."

We entered the gallery of the pavilion, which I had only transiently viewed before,.....and my conductress displayed to me all the rarities which taste and opulence had assembled in this spot.....Theoclea appeared to a new advantage.....discovering,.....as she pursued the different subjects,..... infinite taste and judgment, added to a perfect acquaintance with the history of such celebrated characters as flourished during the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian.

How was it possible to foster er-

mity against this bewitching woman! ....Every time I saw her, she unfolded some new captivation,.....and that so naturally....so devoid of affectation,.... that to know her,.....and not to admire her,.....was impossible!.....Her genius,.....improved by a knowledge of the world.....abounded with lively anecdote;.....and the pleasantry....fertility.....wit.....with which she combined circumstances, so as to increase their interest, made her irresistible.... At intervals conversation was relieved by music.....ballets.....pantomimes..... I was again happy.....and the three days of Mamilia's absence passed like a pleasant dream.

Nature impressing me with its sublime works on one hand.....Art assailing me with all that was seducing on the other.....Was it possible to be an unmoved spectator?.....My senses were once more lulled.....Reason again

suffered itself to be hoodwinked..... My fancy.....as usual.....fired;.....the ascendancy was complete.

The first day passed agreeably..... On the second, I was as gay.....lively .....and susceptible of romantic impression as ever.....and should have been perfectly happy, had not the Venus Mamilia....by my deification.... given a lesson to my hitherto pacific senses, which I found it impossible to resist practising.

I am at confession, Lucian!..... Should I not avow all my frailty, as well as all my folly?

The repose of a solitary night..... the luxurious delicacy of high seasoned viands.....an inflamed imagination.....robust youth.....all formed a phalanx which prudence was unable to contend with.....The divinity of Mamilia returned with undiminished influence....I panted for her return.....

She was absent!.....Theoclea present!.....

The mock priestess had thrown her sacerdotal band aside.....put off that solemnity of manner which was no longer necessary to impose on me,..... and appeared in her own character; .....full of gaiety.....vivacity..... and good humor.....She had unbosomed to me the beauties of her mind.....There was but one remaining secret.....The Graces had loaded her with gifts..... she gratefully displayed them to the most alluring advantage.....and the bloom of unmatured youth was supplied by the refinement of mellowed beauty.

There was a temple of silence..... a myrtle bower....The shades of night began to obscure the beauties of nature.....We retired.

I fear I ridiculously dwell on trifling subjects, and fatigue your

complaisance;.....but the pastimes of youth leave so delightful an impression on the mind, we recal them to our memory with infinite satisfaction .....It is not possible.....even in the state we are now in.....to relate certain events without feeling them.....as it were.....realised again, and giving that warmth of coloring to their description, which the remembrance excites.

When I think of Theoclea.....enjoyment in its highest perfection attaches to the idea.....Endowed with the various attributes of the Muses and the sciences, she had been the idol.....under various names.....of half the world.....Lovely as Mamilia was .....and boasting all the charms of a Venus.....still she did not possess that retaining power over the inclinations which so eminently belonged to the sentimentally-refined Grecian.

Thus.....in one week.....at the palace of Mamilia.....I enjoyed more of life than half mankind in the full period of their existence.

Although Theoclea changed forms with as much facility, and address, as an experienced actress.....she was too well skilled in artifice to neglect the advantage of appearances.....By them she had gained her ascendancy over my enthusiastic mind.....It was necessary to preserve the magic, though she thought proper to shift the scene. She now sought to impress on my heart, that there were no other Goddesses than lovely women.....and no enchantment so sublime, as the fascination of their charms;.....To prove which....at a moment when she could refuse me nothing....she, unreservedly, exposed to me the whole machinery of the piece, in which I had sustained .....without knowing it.....a principal character.

Having indulged me with as free a description of Mamilia, and her own connection with that splendid character, as was necessary for the eclaircissement of the tale,.....she thus continued.....

" You must know.....Mamilia has " agents in every avenue of Halicar- " nassus, from whom she receives " intelligence of every thing that hap- " pens,.....and almost as soon as it " does happen.....You were not ar- " rived an hour before she was ac- " quainted with the leading features " of your history, and furnished with " an accurate description of your youth " and person.....Her curiosity was " excited.....She caused you to be " watched.....and easily found means " to sift from your stupid old servant, " every thing necessary to support " her views of making you subser- " vient to her caprice.

" This was much assisted by your
" letter to ' The divine Theoclea,'
" as it at once displayed the singula-
" rity of your pursuits, and suited the
" romantic fancy of the beautiful
" Roman.....The novelty of such a
" character....in a youth so elegant....
" created an irresistible determination
" in the lady to attempt a conquest...
" She blessed chance.....and instantly
" adopted such means.....as were most
" congenial with your own ideas....to
" produce the desired effect.

" Some centuries ago.....a part of
" the forest on Mamilia's estate was
" consecrated to Venus Urania, and
" a chapel built in the centre of it....
" This sudden recollection opened a
" plan which was executed almost
" as soon as devised.

" The old, dilapidated chapel, was
" instantly transformed into a marble
" temple, and attached.....by noble

" passages.....to that part of the main
" building used as a theatre.....All
" this was perfected.....by innume-
" rable artisans....during the few days
" you passed with me in the rock,
" and the whole machinery made
" ready, by which our enchanted ex-
" hibition was to be conducted.

" You will no longer be at a loss
" to account for the answer you re-
" ceived to your anonymous letter,
" addressed ' To Peregrine Proteus,
" of Parium'.....You were beset with
" spies, who reported your being
" asleep ; and the answer was placed
" on your breast by the fair hand of
" Mamilia, who was dying to behold
" the wonderful youth, in whose
" praise every one had said so much.

" The lovely Endymion.....when
" accident presented him to the asto-
" nished Goddess as he slept beneath
" a shade.....made not so decided an

" impression on the Queen of Love,
" as your captivating person made
" on the enamoured Roman .....The
" moon, then in its height.....played
" through the branches on your fine,
" manly countenance.....Mamilia
" could scarcely be withdrawn from
" you.....I had all the difficulty pos-
" sible to restrain her from giving
" you a kiss, the fervor of which
" would certainly have awakened
" you, and defeated our plans.....
" I attended Mamilia to her chamber,
" where she indulged in the most
" rapturous expressions.....every fea-
" ture betraying the fond impatience
" of her soul.....I, at last, prevailed
" with her to listen to the arrange-
" ments which were to compass the
" fulfilment of her wishes.

" We had little doubt of being able
" to inflame a mind.....prepossessed
" like yours.....with every thing that

" was marvellous.....The moment we
" transported you into the romantic
" grounds.....the air of enchantment
" which conducted every thing.....the
" beauties of the situation.....natural
" and acquired.....were too irresistible
" to fail in seducing the senses of a
" defenceless enthusiast, on whom art
" was exercising all its mechanism,
" while he was even unconscious of
" the circumstance.

" But the grand object to be ful-
" filled, was so to contrive your first
" interview with the Goddess, that
" the impression should be instan-
" taneous.....yet permanent.....To
" this end,.....circumstances were so
" combined.....that they could not
" help answering our most sanguine
" expectations.

" All was calculated to meet the
" enthusiasm of your own fancy.....
" to substantiate it....to elevate it!.....

" All that met your astonished ey
" was marvellous.....constructed
" blind your reason.....to create i
" definite expectation.....to produ
" transporting emotion.....and rai
" anticipated hopes of an early a
" proximation to your darling wish
" With one so devoid of suspici
" ....hurried on by fancy.....and una
" sisted by experience....our task w
" easy....Still the machinery....sprin
" .....and all concomitant aids.....we
" managed in a way to defy dete
" tion.
" The Loves.....the Cupids.....tl
" Graces.....were all so tractable
" their disposition,.....and so train
" by masters to their several parts..
" they fulfilled them most naturally.
" The myrtle hedge which encor
" passes the dwelling of the rock..
" together with the whole dispositi
" of the gardens and the grove....ma

" it next to impossible you should
" surmise such a villa was at hand....
" And lest the matted bushes, and
" entwining shrubs should, by acci-
" dent, prove insufficient to conceal
" the temple they surround.....you
" may remember you were *strictly*
" forbidden to approach the temple
" till after the setting of the sun.

" The statue of the Goddess.....
" which was an exact model of the
" beautiful Roman.....was already in
" our possession.....Indeed with any
" other.....even had it been the Venus
" of Gnidos.....we must have failed in
" our plan.....The design was to cap-
" tivate you with a statue, to which
" you might attach all the sublimity
" of divinity.....It succeeded.....and
" so vehement were your agitations
" at the second visit.....we saw the
" moment was arrived when Mamilia
" might appear before you in her own

" form.....to be magnified by you...
" into a celestial Being.

" To strengthen this idea.....yo
" saw her, for a little moment, in
" cloud, attended by the Graces.....
" This gave a supernatural appearanc
" to the vision; and you devoure
" the deceit with all the avidity w
" could wish.

" The manner in which I had pre
" pared your mind for this theophany
" contributed to involve your sense
" more and more into the intoxicatio
" which followed.

" You were convinced of its bein
" a real theophany....and will now...
" most probably.....recollect the pain
" I took to assure you, that the God
" dess was satisfied with your purity,
" and to impress you with the belie
" that it depended solely on her wi
" to chuse the kind of inspiration
" which she would impart herself
" you."

" Sweet impostor!" I replied, " let
" me embrace thy seducing lips.....
" I well remember thy words.
" Hath not the Goddess inspired
" thee with love?.....Can love exist
" without desire?....Can desire breathe
" without expression?.....Thy feelings
" are divine!.....fly not the ravishing
" influence of the celestial summons
" .....Urania can excite no passion
" devoid of purity,...and love ennobles
" the mind.....transports the senses....
" elevates the soul!"
" You have an excellent memory,"
said she.....and smiled....." You can
" now conceive my meaning, when
" I appeared to doubt if you were
" capable of so disinterested a passion
" as the Goddess required.
" You beheld Mamilia in chiaro-
" oscuro clouds of painted canvas....
" You believed you saw the living
" Goddess surrounded with her ever-

" blooming Graces.....and this
" contrived theophany made you
" supremely happy."

" I believed the vision superna-
" tural;" said I...." therefore was I
" happy.....Would you had still kept
" me of that opinion!"

" Impossible!".....she replied.....
" The senses having once attained
" the summit of enjoyment, are no
" longer to be deceived.....Is it not
" enough to enjoy all of which a
" mortal is capable, without repining
" that you are not a God?

" Tell me, Proteus....and with sin-
" cerity.....were there not moments
" when you felt more deified by the
" caresses of one fine woman, than
" you would have been.....in all the
" sublimity of Platonic purity.....by
" the absolute theophany of every
" Goddess in Olympus."

This curious conversation was put

an end to, by the arrival of Mamilia.... I again became the dupe of my seductress;.....and my extravagant passion for supernatural flights tumbled me,... headlong,.....into every snare she laid for me.

The farce was over;.....the scenery thrown aside.....But my artful Syrens only transferred the imposition from my imagination to my senses;.....and hoped.....by that perpetual intoxication which proceeds from the charms of ever-varying novelty....by a succession of luxury.....by a renewal of delight.....to raise me to such a pitch, that I should smile contemptuously on my former pursuits; and quit the musty table of old Pythagoras, for the more tempting dainties of good Epicurus.

To support this sytem,.....Theoclea possesed every necessary qualification .....And had Mamilia been guided by

the lessons of that consummate master-piece of art, she might have retained me much longer at her devotion.....But Mamilia had no forbearing qualities.....her sanguine temper,... like an impetuous current.....carried away all before it.

During the first days of her return I was entranced.....I lay in a voluptuous stupor;.....and my very existence seemed bound up in one continued moment of blissful enjoyment. .....We both drank of the same cup; ....and the draught which inspired me, ...inspired the fair Roman.....The art of preventing satiety was neglected. .....The charm which keeps appetency alive.....the honest fraud which preserves the raptures of anticipation; by knowing when to cheat the fond impatience.....when to yield.....All these refined arts were below the practise of Mamilia.

The sequel.....proved the delusion of Mamilia, in fancying she was really the Goddess whom she personated;..... and opened her eyes to the perishable qualities of her supposed Adonis!

I was restored to myself!.....

My recovery from this second relapse was still more painful than the former. .....I have shewn you the peculiar construction of my soul,..... whence you may form a judgment of my irritated feelings.

Circe presented me with the enchanted bowl, and I eagerly swallowed the contents.....An intoxication, of some days, was the consequence; .....but the fumes gradually wore off; .....and Mamilia, herself, accelerated the moment.

When I recovered from my fall..... I looked up at the height from which I had precipitated.....and thence my anguish sprang.....Still I was merely

degraded by my accident;.....not crushed.....I could perceive the springs of my soul had sustained no damage. .....I felt I could again call them into action.....once more ascend the regions of Purity, in whose reviving atmosphere, I should recollect my wandering senses;.....and benefit by the humility of my debasement.....My past follies would serve,....as a beacon, ...to warn me of future dangers, and enable me finally to attain the summit of my aspiring wishes!

With these reflections, I endeavoured to regain my own good opinion;.....but I found I was not easily to be reconciled with myself....I could not find that energy to assist my plans to which I had been accustomed..... My mind was debilitated....I was dull .....desponding.....sullen, even.....I looked around for comfort.....No cheering ray beamed on my benighted

soul.....The surrounding objects all seemed tinged with my gloom of melancholy.....I hated myself.....reviled the authors of my misery..... and was most unhappy.

Like Ixion...who,...though ashamed of being drunk with nectar,.....still cherished the pleasing recollection of the divine flavor on his palate.....I.... blushed to have taken a theatrical Venus for the Goddess Urania, without being able to eradicate from my heart the delicious impressions which the ravishing delusion had indelibly left behind.

In my moments of sarcastic spleen, I viewed the luxurious Roman in the shape of an all-seducing Lamia, who fondled.....flattered.....and fattened me for her own vitiated palate.

But.....when arrayed in all the charms of grace and loveliness.... she would approach me with the

golden goblet.....embalmed with the roseate pressure of her full voluptuous lips,.....and circled by the alabaster hand of soft resistless beauty, ...my spirits mounted at the touch.....She was again the Goddess of my idolatry!

New repentance.....new remorse.... haunted my solitary hours.....I strove to conceal my sorrows from Mamilia and her friend; but it was as much impossible to impose on them, as it was for them to continue imposing upon me.

Mamilia.....anxious to restore those days of happy fascination, when mutual joy beamed from our eager eyes .....and each succeeding moment brought its own peculiar bliss.....redoubled her tenderness.....The result is obvious.....Mamilia failed.

Not so the well-experienced Theoclea.....She left the senses to them-

selves.....became my friend and counsellor.....exerted herself to compose my agitated mind, and reconcile me to events.....she turned the conversation always from painful subjects..... led me to distant objects....and imperceptibly stole me from myself.

It required more than the obstinacy of man not to be the convert of this irresistible woman!

The charms of her mind.....borrowing every hour new attraction..... became indispensibly essential to me, till,.....at last.....I could not live without her soothing conversation.

We often strolled together.....and as we passed the dwelling of the rock, ...or wandered through the labyrinth of roses.,.....contending recollections would revive the most delightful remembrances, and heave a sigh for the delusion past.

On these occasions Theoclea argued

the tenets of the Aristippic, against the Platonic, philosophy.....My fair adversary had too much advantage over me in displaying the sophistry of her sex;.....and the consequence was .....a relapse.....the certain effect of a mode of thinking we *know* to be just.....and a mode of acting we *feel* to be natural.

While Theoclea and myself thus pursued our own way.....Mamilia,..... who was too capricious to be constant.....had found a new spark on whom she lavished all her tenderness, ...so that she was scarcely ever at home, and altogether unconcerned about me.....In my solitary moments, the blush of repentance overspread my cheek.....I abhored myself for being enslaved by the arts of Theoclea.....Every morning.....as I arose from a sleepless couch.....I determined to escape.....but she always

found some new stratagem to fetter me more securely.....and at night,..... I had to deplore my childish want of resolution.

One morning I had risen earlier than usual, and was ruminating on the means of withdrawing myself from the clutches of this sorceress, when.....as I roved, spiritless and forlorn, on the remote borders of Mamilia's gardens.....I beheld a very lovely female figure through the branches of the trees, who appeared, as if wishing to approach me.....On a nearer view I readily recognized one of the nymphs who attended Theoclea, while a priestess, in the rock.

This beautiful slave was named Myrto.....and was one of those sort of beings whose noble countenance serves as a letter of recommendation to all the world.

She accosted me with timidity.....

and I perceived so much pleasing vivacity in her manner, that I could not have the incivility to turn from the walk, though I had pre-determined so to do, the moment I knew her.

She told me this was an opportunity she had long sought, having circumstances to communicate to which I could not be indifferent.

After such a preface, I became curious.....We took a seat in a thicket where we had no fear of being surprised.....She related to me a thousand anecdotes about Mamilia, which by no means contributed to rekindle my admiration for her.....But what this Lady seemed most anxious about,..... was,.....to impress on my mind an abhorrence for her mistress Theoclea, whose secret memoirs she gave me at large.....The detail would fatigue you. ....These are the most prominent features of her character.

Theoclea, she told me, had been for twenty years past, the most celebrated lady of her profession in Greece.....Italy.....and Gaul.....under the different names of Chilidonein..... Dorcas.....Phillina.....Anagallis.....and various others.....previous to her assuming the dignity of a prophetess at Halicarnassus, under the appellation of Theoclea.

When very young, she became the property of a young Thessalonian trader, who dealt in handsome female slaves, and kept a constant selection of this very brittle ware.

An old Epicurean from Athens,..... coming to Thessaly.....took a fancy to her and bought her.....On taking her home, he discovered so much genius and talent in his pretty little slave, that he determined to cultivate them, and to add lessons of prudence to those she received from her other

masters.....by which means modesty and reserve were such habitual qualities with her, that she afterwards rose superior to all persons of her own class.

After numerous adventures.....she appeared.....publicly.....at Antioch in Alexandria,.....astonishing every body with the superior grace.....elegance.... and expression of her dancing.

Nothing had ever been seen in Syria like the ballets given by the beautiful and accomplished Anagallis.....She made a circuit of the provinces of the Roman empire, and at length visited the capital.

Here the senators.....forgetful of their dignity.....languished at her feet, ...and courtiers poured treasures in her lap.....She quitted the stage for the luxurious ease of living on the folly of mankind....The utmost splendor surrounded her, and she distri-

buted the gifts of the Roman senators with a prodigality that argued a reliance on her person and accomplishments to make the wealthy ever tributary to her luxuries.

The sun does not always shine with equal splendor.....The charm of novelty was forsaking Anagallis.....Her means diminished though her expences increased.....She was ruined.....and compelled to resort to her former profession.....This she recommenced in Gallia.....Sicily.....and Greece.....But Anagallis was not what she had been. .....The brilliant period of her blooming youth was past.....She played without applause.....and.....what was worse.....without profit.....She....once more.....forsook it.

Behold her now in the train of a vagrant band of the priests of Isis, whom she followed through Pontus ....Cappadocia...and Syria...and by her

versatile talents, and inventive genius, she soon turned this new trade to a good account.....For the furtherance of her views, she now studied magical and theurgical mysteries, which enabled her, afterwards.....when an unlucky accident dispersed her troop .....to personate the daughter of the great Appollonius,.....and, under the patronage of Mamilia Quintilla,..... whose known taste for the marvellous led her to listen to the proposals of Theoclea.....to establish an oracle in the neglected grove of Venus Urania, on the Halicarnassian estate.

The title of inheritrix to the wisdom of Appollonius.....the singularity of her life and appearance.....the mystery which enveloped all her actions .....and the reports she had the address to spread abroad.....of her prophetical knowledge....her intercourse with the invisible world.....and the astonishing

works she had performed.....gave such reputation to her name in Caria, that she was almost worshipped by the inhabitants whenever she appeared among them.

She was content with her lot, foreseeing how easy it would be, with the reputation she had acquired, to prey on the superstition of wealthy idiots, and create a mine of endless riches.....But her acquaintance with Mamilia soon detached her from her well-concerted plans, by offering others more congenial with her taste, and equally flattering to her prospects.

Mamilia resolved to move her residence to Halicarnassus.....and as the Prophetess and herself had no secrets between them, it was determined Theoclea should still maintain her character.....and assume.....in addition to it.....the office of Priestess to the Temple of Venus Urania.

This scheme seemed to promise an entertaining variety to these new friends, and to remove the languid sameness of a country life,...by opening a passage to romantic adventures, ...and giving a mystery to gallantry which would heighten its enjoyments.

Theoclea superintended the projected alterations and arrangements which took place in the gardens and buildings of the villa....Every thing succeeded.... Many unwary youths fell into their toils.....and the list was closed by Peregrine Proteus.

The provoking reflection is.....that all was the natural result of my own presuming folly.

" It is concerted".....she added..... " by this junto, that every victim " shall be transferred to Theoclea as " soon as the fancy of Mamilia is " satiated.....And such, Proteus,"..... taking me kindly by the hand, and

looking at me still more kindly in the face....." such will be your fate!"

She next declared to me it was her firm opinion, that Theoclea was a real sorceress; as it was scarcely possible.... without supernatural means.....that she should have beguiled people in the way she had done...forcing them to believe they pressed the most angelic of her sex within their arms,.....while they grasped a creature who had been the casual property of half mankind, and who,.....unvarnished.....was the picture of the Cumæan Sybil.....That it was ridiculous to suppose I had a chance of leaving the place while Theoclea preserved the least inclination towards me.....or till I was reduced to the shadow of a spectre.

I listened attentively to this exaggerated account, which the lovely Myrto told with a lively and entertaining ease.....I, however, had some

suspicions that a little malice was at bottom, and was soon assured of her motive, when,.....placing her hand upon my shoulder, and arming her fine black eyes with expressive attraction.....she said, in the softened tone of pity.....

" I cannot bear the idea that so
" charming a youth should be exposed
" .....like a waxen image at a slow
" fire.....to be consumed by this sor-
" ceress.....From the first moment of
" your coming to the dwelling at the
" rock, I became interested for you,
" and have longed to warn you of
" the fate which awaits you.....You
" are worthy of a happier lot.....And,
" .....if the disinterested friendship of
" a simple girl may claim a return of
" kindness from your heart.....I am
" resolved,.....at all hazards, to favor
" your escape.....to sacrifice my own
" comforts here....entrusting my hap-

" piness to your care, all the world " over."

I vowed eternal secrecy.....but left her.

My determination to escape was so far from being confirmed by the tale I had just heard, that I resolved to stay longer, and look more narrowly into this extraordinary character..... I felt.....besides.....a particular inclination to witness a proof of that dancing, for which she had been so celebrated... While I was on the watch for an opportunity to manage this, with such delicacy, that Theoclea should.....of her own accord....be brought to oblige me, without knowing I was aware of her proficiency.....the occasion offered.

One day,.....after dinner,.....a little boy and girl made their appearance in the fable of Cupid of Psyche, which they performed remarkably well for their years...." How charmed I should

" be," said I,.....as the children raised my admiration....." to see this ballet " .....made so interesting by these " little creatures.....performed by the " famed Anagallis."

I meant,....in saying this,....to have looked quite composed.....but.....like a fool.....I blushed.....

Theoclea evidently saw I knew more of her than I had discovered.....She, however, without shewing any embarrassment, answered.....

" Then you have heard of Ana- " gallis?"

" Can you doubt it?"....I replied..... " Her fame was universal."

" Well then".....said she,....." I am " more of a witch than you imagine " .....I will conjure up this fam'd " Anagallis, who shall dance before " you, although she long since de- " parted this world."

A few days after, she requested I

would be present at a little dramatic fete she had prepared solely for my entertainment.....The appeal was unanswerable.....I bowed.....On my entrance to the theatre, I found the stage surrounded by Cupids,..... Zephyrs,.....and Pastoral Nymphs..... They were in groupes,.....and instantly commenced an ode in praise of Cupid and Psyche.....The execution was divine.

Their voices ceased.....and they fell back on each side of the stage.

A female gracefully advanced..... Conceive my astonishment at beholding...as I *almost* thought....the Psyche of *Aetion*.....flown from its frame in the gallery of the pavilion.....where it was considered the principal ornament of the villa.

This elegant figure,.....with all the attractions of the youthful Psyche..... was habited in a slight.....transparent

.....Indian muslin.....All the charms of modesty were preserved.....while the contour of the limbs and person was unconfined, and appeared to the most captivating advantage;.....her golden ringlets flowed luxuriantly on her shoulders.....enviously concealing the symmetry of her waist.....and her whole person was light.....elegant..... and easy.....

I looked.....I wondered.....I knew not how I should conclude.....I really began to fancy this was a miracle produced by the necromantic arts of Theoclea, and that Myrto had merely described to me the truth.....The rapid movements of the figure, however, soon engrossed all my attention..... The harmony of the limbs and muscles were responsive to the ever-varying influence of the orchestra,.....pourtraying.....with descriptive truth and artless grace.....the rich coloring of

the original.....and giving to dumb pantomime all the affecting pathos of energetic language.....now animated by the stormy passages of the full band.....now.....yielding.....with the soft cadences of dulcet melody.....to look the tenderest emotions of the soul.....The expressive form.....speaking,...without language....to the heart, and conveying the finest touches of nature to the soul.....poeticising the fable to an astonished audience.

At first I felt pleasure....Admiration succeeded.....At length, I was transported.....All at once the amorettes retired.....

Psyche darted into my arms.

I was nearly suffocated with the fulness of delight.....Theoclea was..... once more.....Anagallis!

" Oh, Theoclea! let me apostro-
" phize thy manes!.....Thou wert
" indeed a sorceress.....From thee,.....

" all that was voluptuous still bor-
" rowed new attraction....Thy smiles
" were a mine of seduction....thy cir-
" cling arms were an eternity of sweets!
" .....All the powers of nature, or of
" art, to melt the soul were intrusted
" to thy care.....Thy incantations
" were resistless....and a scholar, with
" less sensibility than I possessed,
" would.....with equal madness.....
" have pursued thy too dangerous
" doctrine."

From this one event, Lucian, I relapsed into my former delicious dreams ....persisted in error....and Anagallis.... now raised from her tomb....possessed an entire influence over me.

This lasted longer than it ought. ....Thousands in my situation would have thought themselves equal to the Gods...With me,....the delusion ceaséd with the enjoyment.....I had accustomed my mind, from habit and edu-

cation, to look up for supernatural events.....The Venus haunting my imagination was no ideal form.....no phantom.....but a divine.....immutable .....and eternal Being.....Prudence was not proof against the wily snares laid to seduce my innocence, under the most fascinating appearances.....Still .....though I sinned.....I repented..... My luxurious life was in opposition to my natural and acquired principles .....it was not possible to find a permanent satisfaction.....or to be even reconciled to it, beyond the immediate operation of those exquisite illusions prepared to entrance me.

This was my genuine way of thinking.....notwithstanding my acting so oppositely.....The last relapse continued so long, that I had the satisfaction to see my favorite labyrinth of roses bloom through a second spring.

Mamilia, every now and then, took

a fancy to revive her rights in me, and I was not ungrateful for the favor;.... but as her light fantastic temper was incapable of loving or inspiring love..: these flights were momentary;..... and she soon again left Theoclea and myself to our steadier enjoyments,..... passing her time often on her estate at Rhodes, where, most probably, she had some secret attraction.

Theoclea used this indulgence with such artful moderation,.....assuming disguises,.....forms,.....characters,..... so full of variety,.....allurement;..... and delicacy.....that it is my only wonder her reign was not of longer continuance.

It came to pass, however, that the Psyche.....the Danae.....the Leda..... every day became more and more difficult to sustain,.....with the effect necessary to preserve her empire..... Repetition weakened influence.....and

insensibly, all delusion vanished;..... I saw nothing but Theoclea in the assumed character.

A circumstance now happened, which at once determined my conduct; and.....for once in my life,..... I was resolute.

It was Mamilia's pleasure to celebrate the festivals of Dyonisius by a splendid bacchanal.....The part of Ariadne was assigned to Theoclea..... Bacchus to me,.....and Mamilia contented herself with being, simply, a Bacchante.

This fete.....in sumptuous preparation.....would have done honor to the taste of a Sardanapalus, or an Heliogabalus;.....and the voluptuous Roman.....who had herself planned the whole ballet.....resolved to represent the scene.....literally.....as poets and painters have described it.....She collected from among her peasantry,

a great number of well-made youths to personate the Fauns and Satyrs;..... and her Bacchantes were supplied by the female slaves of the villa.....But the incident.....of all incidents..... most agreeable to the whim of Mamilia, was, ...that her complaisant friend should, in the last act,...favored by the darkness of the scene,.....suffer her to supply the place of Ariadne, and conclude the piece.

Poor Bacchus,.....inflamed with the rich juices of the grape, and elated with desire to support his character to the last.....found the unexpected contrivance charming.....His Bacchante was all the fabled poets could express.....himself worked up to the luxurious God of Wine.

In the midst of this dark,...silent.... scene....Ariadne.....followed by innumerable troops of noisy Satyrs..... intoxicated Fauns.....and reeling

Amorettes.....burst on our retirement, to upbraid her faithless lover.... Each, held a blazing torch.....shouting immoderate peals of laughter, and sporting in licentious merriment.

The counterfeit God instantly became sober!

The enchantment I had so long suffered,.....vanished altogether.

A man who dreams he is at the table of Jupiter.....surrounded by the glory of the Gods,.....and partaking their divinity.....who, awaking,..... finds himself encompassed by furies.... harpies.....gorgons.....and hobgoblins .....can alone form an adequate idea of what I felt, in finding myself exposed to this shameless,.....brutal..... crew.

I was silent,.....thinking I should only humiliate myself.....still more..... by giving vent to my indignation ;..... and as soon as this intemperate

riot was over, and the personag asleep, who were no longer able t distinguish themselves.....I arose,.... dressed myself in the plainest mann I could,.....and without the ceremor of taking leave, left.....for ever,.....tl detested villa of Mamilia.

My peace of mind was wrecked .....but I had a plentiful stock of e perience to support me through tl rugged road I had now to pursue.

Whether Mamilia did this to rid he self of a person whom she had n further occasion for,.....or not,.... cannot determine.....She well kne how my temper would revolt at su a detestable excess of intemperanc and therefore could not expect to hol me a moment longer in her chains... But I cannot persuade myself th Theoclea was otherwise concerne than by yielding a blind obedience t the wishes of her friend.....Indeed

had so much fear that this powerful lady might cause me....in a fickle fit.... to be pursued, that I directed my course from the high road into a retired part of the country, where I remained some days concealed.

Here I reflected on all that had happened; and endeavoured to prepare my mind for worthier pursuits; that I might,.....at last,.....attain my darling hopes!

I had ample materials to engross all my thoughts.....My mind had undergone a total revolution by means of the experiments I had lately made at Halicarnassus.....My imagination was become more reasonable.....Illusion appeared to me,....as it really was,..... illusion;.....and I felt assured, that the elevation of my nature, which I still cherished the hope of accomplishing, must be produced by very different means from those by which I had been led astray.

The great difficulty to surmount, was how to fill up that vacuum which was left in my mind, now I had lost the inclination to dwell on visionary objects, and treat them as realities..... It was taking from me a neccssary part of my existence which I could not devise means to replace.....I wandered about in pursuit of,.....I knew not what.....and this perplexity was insupportable.

At length I determined on returning to Smyrna;....and, winding my route along the Ionian coast,.....without hearing any thing more of my beautiful seductress, or encountering any new adventure,.....I reached my destination.....My rambling did not in the least dissipate my oppressive melancholy, or restore me to any degree of tranquillity.

The moment I landed, I hastened to visit my old friend Menippus, who,

very innocently, was the occasion of all the disasters I had met with from the time of my last seeing him..... He was no longer an inhabitant of this world.

The crowd of foreigners,...from all quarters of the globe,....who resort to this grand mart of commerce, inspired me with an inclination to resume those plans which originally brought me to Smyrna.....Accordingly, I resolved to take my passage in the first vessel bound for Laodicea; and gave orders to have every thing ready for my departure

While I awaited the sailing of the ship, I strolled about the environs of the city.....And one evening,....having strayed along the sands which extend, at low water, some miles on the shore .....as I meditated on the singularity of my passed life, without dreaming of interruption in so solitary a situ-

ation.....I was roused from my reverie by the appearance of a man before me, who had the air of a stranger, and whom I took from his dress to be either an Assyrian or a Phœnician.

It was impossible to pass him without noting his countenance, which blended a gloomy thoughtfulness with manly fire.....His melancholy brow was open.....and the expression so attractive, it commanded involuntary respect.

A projecting rock formed an angle in the Bay, and it was, as I turned the corner, that I discovered this grave personage resting on a smooth stone, which served as a seat in an excavation of the rock below.

A book lay open on his knee, which he appeared to have been studying, when my approach disturbed him. .....He looked up, and his glance was unusually penetrating.....it darted

awfully from beneath his dark full eyebrows.....he was again intent upon his book.

I was seized with an ardent inclination to accost him;.....but there was so repulsive an air about him..... I knew not how to venture....He had interested me in a very particular sort of way....I lingered....hesitated....and passed on.

At my return, he had quitted his seat.

On the following day, I became impatient to pursue the track of the foregoing evening, and as soon as the retiring waves admitted me to pass, I hurried onwards.....When I came to the rock I looked,....in vain,....for the stranger....I was extremely mortified; ....and walked on, still hoping chance would befriend me, and that I should meet him on the sands.

I cannot give you any reason why

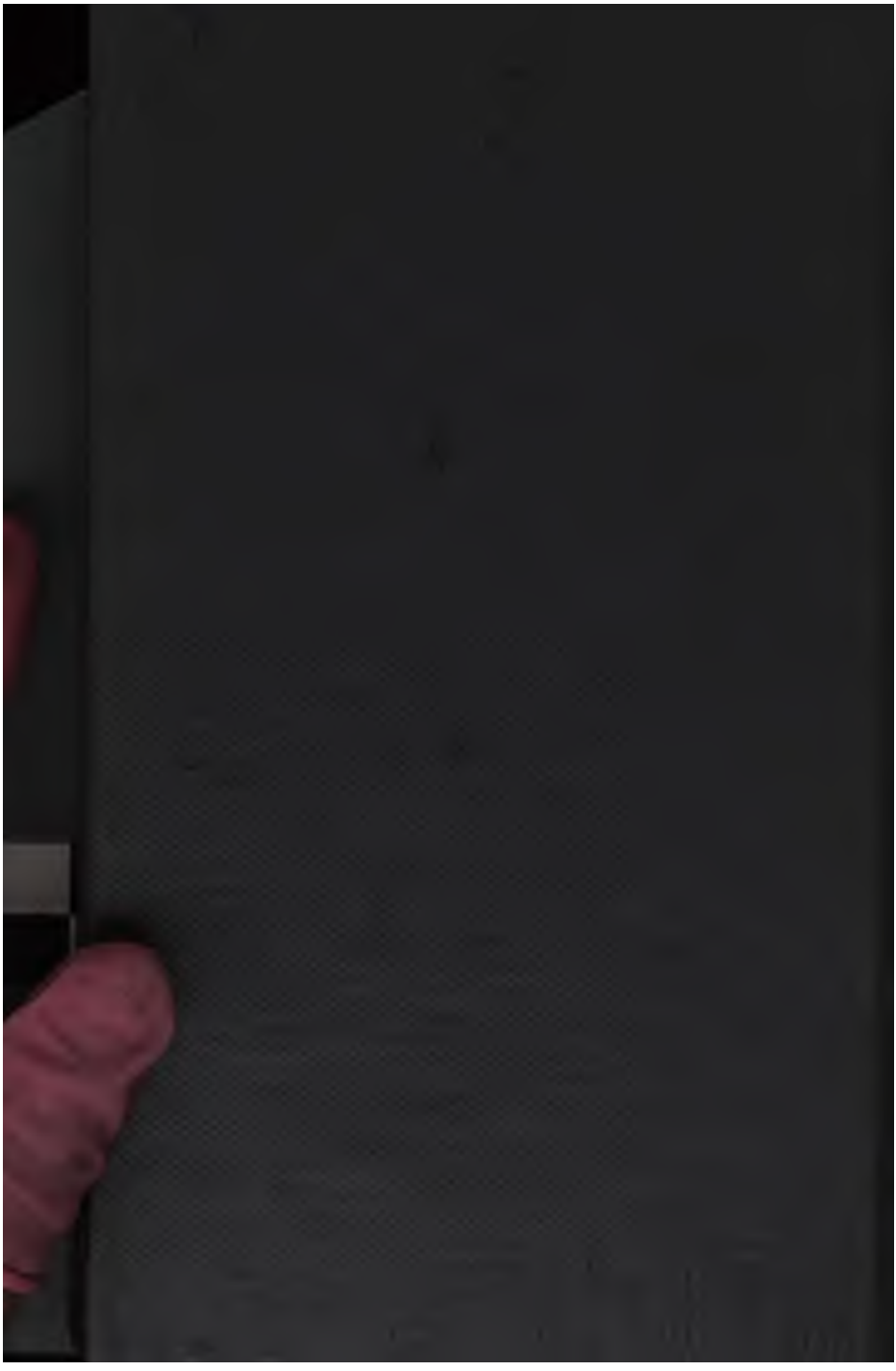
I felt myself so anxious.....I only know my desire to see him was excessive.

The objects before me were solemn... The silence of death reigned around .....The boundless ocean.....majestically rolling its swellimg waves..... heightened the tremendous scene, and gave a gloom to contemplation.....I stood still....looked inquisitively about me....pondered on the works of providence...when...suddenly,...my stranger stood before me.....He stopped for half an instant,.....gazed attentively in my face....as if, indeed, he meant a something I could not decypher.....and walked slowly past.

While I delayed....wavering in my determination.....it became too late to follow him;.....when I had resolved so to do....he was out of sight.

This man strangely discomposed me.....I could think of nothing else....

He haunted my waking imagination, and pursued me in my dreams at night.....I endeavored to shake off the intruder, and made up my mind to shun any future meeting; but as evening advanced, I found myself drawn irresistibly towards the sea coast....I followed....in spite of myself .....the walk along the sands, and arrived at the excavated rock.

Fatigued and dissatisfied I sat down .....and as I wondered at my ridiculous propensity to run after this singular man, he,.....again.....stood before me.

I had placed my right elbow on my knee, reclining my head upon my hand....and, in this moody position, he found me.....I looked up, and the solemn....mysterious....outside of this venerable stranger, recalled to my mind the imposition of my beautiful cousin, and the deception of the divine